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# CHRISTIAN HERALD



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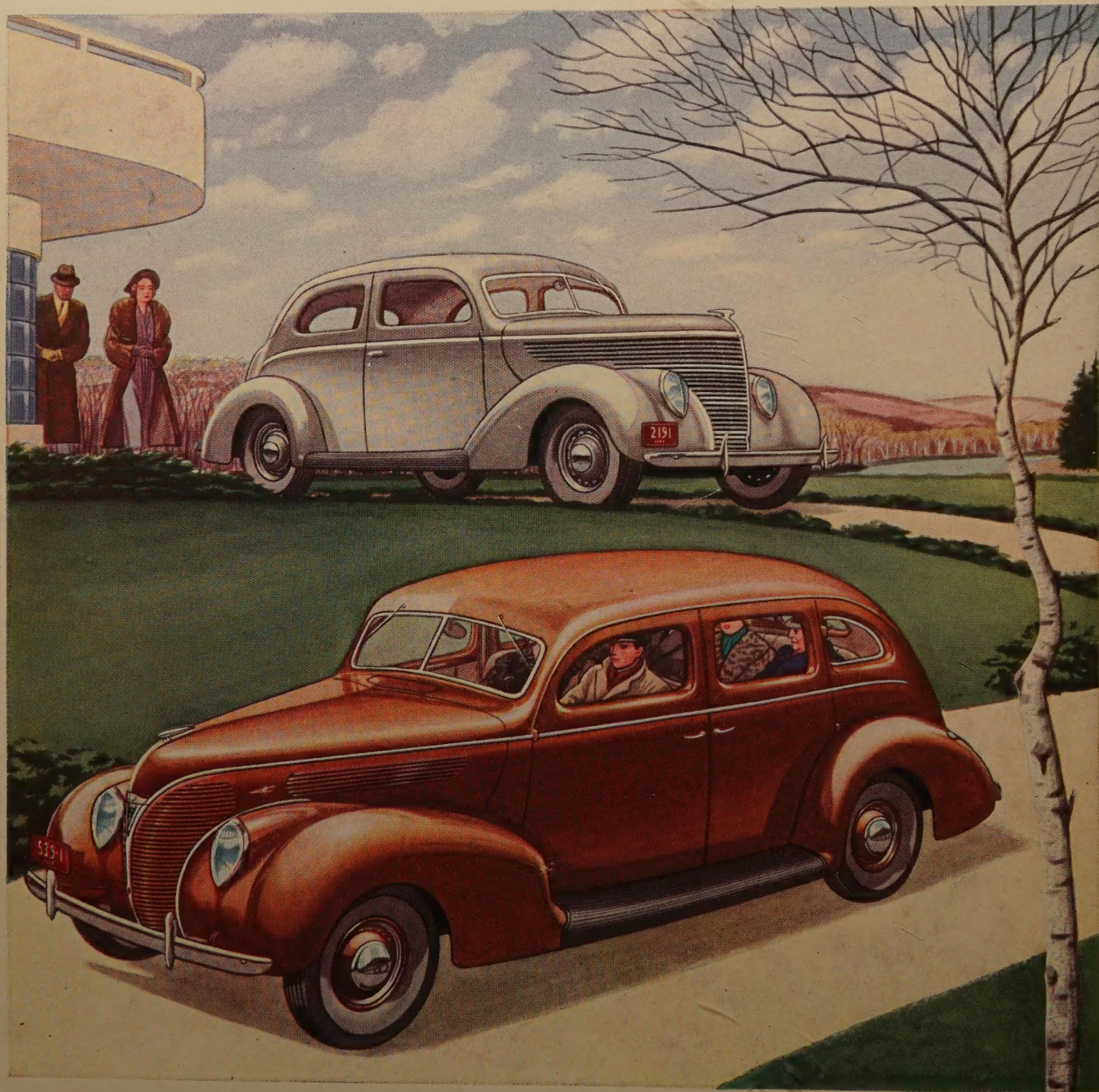
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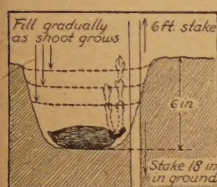


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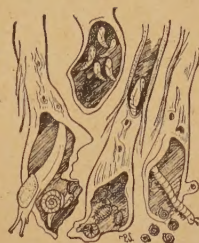
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# Just Between OURSELVES



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

## Young Folks' Opinions of Christian Herald

CHRISTIAN HERALD, no less than religion itself, has always before it the problem of getting and holding the interests of the younger folks who all too soon will take our places in church, business, politics and society. We hear much talk about the irreverence of youth for the traditions of their forefathers, but as a teacher of a large Sunday School class of eleven-year-old boys, and as the father of three children, I must confess I can't see that they are greatly different from the young folks of my early days. They seem to have a lively interest in anything that is vigorous and up-to-date. The difference lies in the fact that, whereas thirty years ago the church was the center of their social life, today the church must share their attention with the radio, the motion picture, the automobile and a largely widened program of sports activities. This means that while their religious conviction may be as deep or deeper than was that of our generation, it is not so evident because their lives are so much more filled with other matters. It had also been our observation that when those of us who have the responsibility for the religious education of youth are willing to spend the time and effort necessary to present attractively the fascinating, compelling truths of the Bible in all their shining glory, young people will respond vigorously. Mr. Dwight Flohr, a high school teacher of North Industry, Ohio, writes us that he has used *Christian Herald* effectively to arouse in his pupils a greater appreciation of Christian

journalism. He gave them each a copy or two of *Christian Herald* magazine, and later gave them an examination on its contents, as a part of his Senior English classwork. The examination papers are before us as we write. Let me quote excerpts from a few. Remember these are High School students.

"Some people think of *Christian Herald* as a 'sissified' magazine, being confined to Sunday School stories, and giving us the idea that they have to pray over us, and therefore they do not give it half a chance; they judge it by their own narrow opinion and leave it strictly alone.

"If those people will excuse me, I

shall say that they are entirely wrong. The stories are not Sunday School stories, but ones such as you would find in any other good magazine, such as the *Ladies Home Journal* or the *Woman's Home Companion*. The articles do not make us feel as though they have to pray over us, but they are of interest to nearly all. One cannot condemn a magazine because he does not like a certain article in it; it's a very foolish person, that thinks he has to read every article. They put in many different kinds since all people do not like the same thing."

"I honestly believe *Christian Herald* to be a very good magazine. Not only for its standing as a religious journal, but its articles on Missionary work give me a more vivid picture of life in foreign lands."

"If only one student would 'absorb' the material contained in this book, and really get something from it, the magazine would be well paid for."

"I think it is character-building because it shows how a young person can mix with a crowd but have will power enough of his own to know what to do and what not to do."

Let's be sure we are making Christianity a live, vital thing—not just "Thou shalt and thou shalt not."

### Our Cover

The beautiful Marigolds developed by Burpee, pictured on the cover are known as King's Ransom and Yellow Crown. Their foliage, unlike the usual Marigold has no odor.

Vol. 61

FEBRUARY, 1938

No. 2

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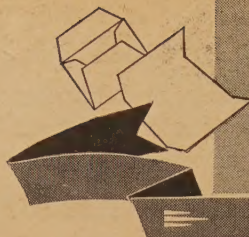
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## Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

*What is the greatest devotional book next to the Bible?*

IN my opinion, "The Greatest Thing in the World," by Henry Drummond.

*What are the times we are living in?*

I IMAGINE that the questioner wishes me to decide whether these are the so-called "last times." I do not know. Many people think so. From the earliest days of the Christian church men and women have looked upon the years in which they lived as the beginning of the end. I do know, however, that these times are the only times we shall ever live in, and that if we follow the spirit and command of the Master, we shall work "while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

*What do you think of a man who is an office manager, a teacher in the Sunday School, who hums hymns while working in the office, but who allows continual bad language and even swearing by his clerks—the clerks are both men and women?*

IF the case is as stated, the brother needs less whistle and more backbone. You may have heard of Lincoln's Mississippi River steamer. It had a nine foot whistle and a three foot boiler; every time the whistle blew the boat stopped. Perhaps the clerks swear at the tune, but at any rate they have forgotten the first instinct of gentlemen if they swear in the presence of ladies or any other time.

*If conditions are in Spain as you described them, and I have no reason to doubt your word, then what do you think of your support of pacifism and disarmament? Do you want us to be defenseless in the face of such an invasion?*

IN Spain conditions are as I stated them. But the one asking the question is mistaken in assuming that I am either a pacifist or an advocate of leaving the United States defenseless. My people here know that even as I support a police department for a city, I support an adequate program of defense for the nation. War as of today is futile. I repeat that it settles nothing and unsettles everything. But the defense of liberty, of the home,

of priceless free institutions, is enjoined upon us all. I have never advocated disarmament on any other basis than agreement between nations, as you all know. It is a constructive program which unites peace advocates of all shades and degrees in practical activities, in going the length of their common agreement, without compromising their individual convictions and conclusions: It is such a program that interests me and to which I give my wholehearted support. *The Emergency Peace Campaign* is a demonstration of such unity among "Peace Makers."

*You said a few weeks ago that you were against women's smoking. How about men? Do you think it affects one to smoke? I have known men to smoke since youth and live to be ninety.*

I KNOW one man who smoked until he was ninety-nine, and died finally with his pipe in his mouth. That fact, however, has not led me to smoke. There are exceptions to every rule, but the exceptions do not disprove the rule. I am very sure that smoking has a serious effect upon young people, that it is particularly bad for boys and for girls. As I have indicated before, "How to Live," by Drs. Lyman Fiske and Irving Fisher, brings a scientific judgment against smoking for any age.

*Do you have a solution for the appalling increase in road accidents?*

CERTAINLY there is no one remedy for this tragedy. Evanston, Illinois, had reduced accidents by conducting a school for drivers. The drinking driver is a growing menace everywhere. Safety campaign slogans such as "If you drive don't drink, and if you drink don't drive," laws prohibiting the sale of liquor in filling stations; laws against the advertising of liquor; temperance educational campaigns; and local option campaigns will contribute toward bettering conditions that daily become more alarming.

More adequate patrol of main highways by state police and above all, education for a sense of personal responsibility on the part of both driver and pedestrian will also help. Beyond this, I am convinced that we must presently adopt the recommendation of the National Safety

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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## YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Council for a top speed limit of fifty miles per hour and insure this limit by building it into automobile engines. The Safety Council points out that in night driving a speed of more than fifty miles per hour is definitely "beyond the lights"—and a majority of all accidents are at night. We have in prospect forty thousand fatalities from automobile accidents this year.

*On Sunday, I gave a poor man a quarter, and because he smelled strongly of drink my Christian friend rebuked me and said I should not have done it. What do you think I should have done?*

I DO not think that you should have given him the quarter. I make it a practice to take to the nearest restaurant those who ask for money to buy food. I have never yet refused to help a man in this way. I make it a rule not to give cash to any person who solicits on the street. It is generally true that to give money, in any amount, to such street "panhandlers" is not a kindness. I must confess, however, that there are exceptions to this rule.

*Have you any information and knowledge that would justify you in passing an opinion on the recent disturbances in Abyssinia where I understand more than two thousand Abyssinians were killed following an outbreak in Addis Ababa?*

THROUGH the *Christian Endeavor Times*, printed in London, a publication that I know to be reliable, I have learned that in these reprisals two thousand and perhaps more Abyssinians were summarily executed and that among these were the finest of the Abyssinian intellectuals.

What is referred to in the *Christian Endeavor Times* as a "massacre", carried through three days. Among those killed were the son of the Abyssinian foreign minister and the two sons of the Abyssinian minister still resident in London. These boys had studied in England and were twenty-five years of age and under.

The whole Abyssinian story, in my opinion, cries out against so-called Christian civilization. If the law of compensation still holds, and I believe it does, the state responsible for this bloody tragedy will eventually pay a great price.

## CHRISTIAN HERALD

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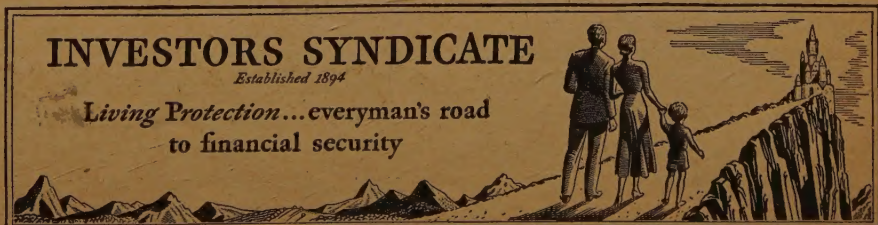
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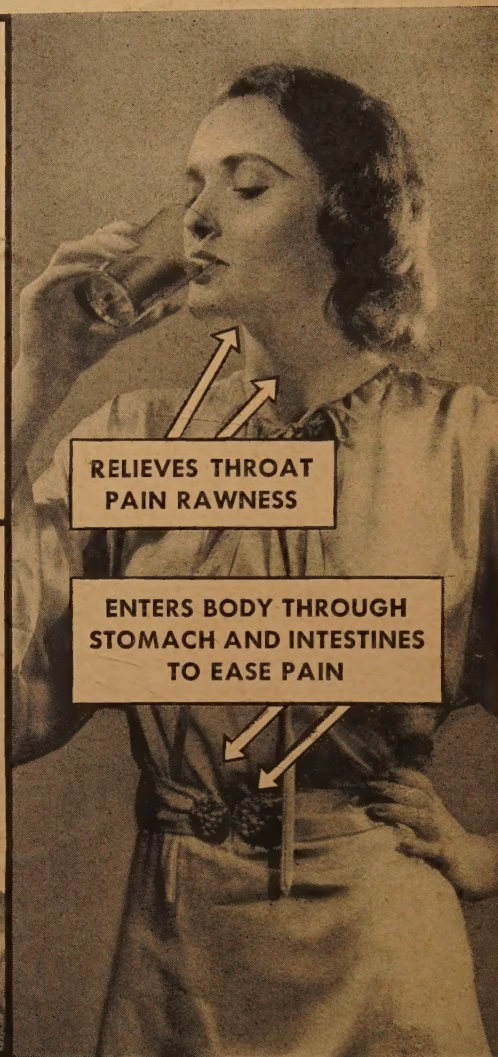
2

If throat is sore from the cold, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in  $\frac{1}{3}$  glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.



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# NEWS DIGEST

## *of the month*



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

### "The Church Is Lost!"

SOMETIMES, we must feel like forgetting the admonition of Jesus to turn the other cheek, and lashing out with both fists. We must feel like that when we read the flood of articles appearing in some of the larger current secular magazines, written by self-appointed journalistic undertakers who proclaim loudly but not too intelligently that it is high time to pick up the dead body of the Church and bury it.

An "Observer" writes in *Harpers* that the Church has become "an empty, top-heavy organization that hides the direct application of the philosophy of Jesus;" that what modern man needs is "somebody to come along and dig him out of the hell of industrial confusion and tell him that he too has a soul. . . ." and so on, ad nauseam.

The answer to that is that if there were no church there wouldn't be any philosophy of Jesus. If the fate of the gospel had been left to its "Observers" it would long since have been observed to death. Dig men out of the hell of industrial confusion? Can the writer explain why it was that people flocked back to the church during the depression? Tell man he still has a soul? Is there any other organization in contemporary society reminding him of that so insistently, seven days a week?

Another embalmer in *American Mercury* has it

that the Church is going "radical:" Left-wing, Communist, Socialist, or what have you. He names denominational organizations that are boring from within to bring this about, scores the Federal Council and winds up with a fling at Toyohiko Kagawa and E. Stanley Jones. Dr. Jones is "revealingly" described as one who "wishes to organize the Church into a Christian internationale, in the end to seize political power by means of the ballot." One wonders if the writer has ever heard this evangelist speak a single word, or ever read a single word that he has written.

The Church going Communist? They said that in the first century, and in every century since; yet the Church remains the greatest enemy to Communism in the modern world.

Of course, the undertakers will never do any burying. There have always been undertakers; the trouble has been that just as the funeral was about to come off, the corpse has showed amazing signs of life, and the ceremonies have had to be postponed. But we are objecting not so much to their funeral plans as to their ethics. They could at least be honest, and tell the whole story; they could at least be intelligent, and do a little research before they write; they could at least try to be fair. As fair as the Man Who cried from His cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And we in the Church must be as fair as that with them.

### « A T H O M E »

#### WASHINGTON

**HOW MANY JOBLESS:** Clerks and adding machines have been working overtime in Washington, counting the nation's unemployed. Few of us realize just how big a job that was, or how well it was done under the man borrowed from Libby-Owens-Ford, Mr. John D. Biggers.

In the fastest and most accurate mass registration since the 1917 draft, 150,000 postmen delivered 85,000,000 registration blanks to 32,000,000 American homes. They were all delivered in one day; all returned within four days. Even General Johnson said it couldn't be done. Said he to Census Administrator Biggers: "The President has given you a pair of boxing gloves to pick fleas off the dog." Biggers smiled and went to work. To prepare the public, he sent out 1,000,000 posters and 1,000,000 window-display cards, talks for 32,000 labor unions and 43,000 schools; blurbs to

6500 newspapers, broadcasts for 500 radio stations, 1250 prints of a movie "short."

It is the most ambitious census of its kind ever attempted; it is as nearly accurate as it possibly can be. The men under Biggers had no way of knowing that before they could finish counting, General Motors would lay off 30,000, and that Chrysler would shut down for weeks, and that out of 87,000 Ford employees in Dearborn, barely 40,000 would be at work.

But there is one encouraging thing about it. The actual number of the unemployed is shown to be 7,877,012, instead of the 12,000,000 pessimists have predicted.

**RELIGION OVERLOOKED:** To the White House, 200 books have just been delivered for the executive library. Not one of the books deals with religion.

The book donors evidently had not heard Secretary Hull say, just before the delivery of the volumes: "Humanity desperately needs today a moral and spiritual rebirth and a revitalization of religion. There is no sure way to this supreme goal save through adherence to the teachings of the Bible."

**DETROIT:** R. R. Williams, Vice-president of S. S. Kresge's Five and Tens, says that no orders are being placed with Japan, and that no money is being sent there. Paul Hofer, Jr., treasurer of the Woolworth chain, says Woolworth has sent no money recently to Tokyo, and that if the demand for boycott from the public is strong enough, no money will go in the future.

Both boycotts follow protests made by labor organizations, Church groups, Youth and Women's societies and clubs. They are unofficial, but none the less powerful.





Above, the striking statue, "Freedom of Religion," one of four which will adorn the Central Mall at the New York World's Fair in 1939. The others will be Freedom of the Press, of Speech, and of Assembly

**SOUTHURY, CONN.:** Thirty German-Americans worked hard on a Sunday, clearing a 178-acre tract near Southbury for a pro-Nazi camp. Two hundred Connecticut Yankees saw it and didn't like it; they crowded into South Britain Congregational Church, prayed, sang the national anthem, and passed a new zoning law which would bar the Nazi camp.

Down on the Nazis swooped the long arm of Southbury law, arresting two. Judge Hickok held court in his kitchen. Charge: working on the Sabbath (prohibited by an ancient blue law). No verdict; case postponed. So is the building of the camp postponed. Blue laws come in handy, once in a while.

**ST. LOUIS:** Gathered around a table in the Coronado Hotel, over their heads a painting of Mexican peons, were nineteen executive committeemen of G. O. P. They were come to pick a "grass roots policy committee" capable of getting the elephant up on his feet. They sat long, talked much, finally picked a committee of 150 Young Republicans, Old Guardians, workers, farmers, editors, manufacturers, Roman Catholics, Jews, Protestants, Nordics and Negroes; included were Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Cecil B. De Mille, Frank O. Lowden and Dr. Glenn Frank. Dr. Frank is Chairman.

Selected for his liberalism, the Chairman is at odds with the liberals of his own state: the La Follettes, who put him out of the presidency of the University of Wisconsin. He is fifty, opposes the New Deal, says Mr. Roosevelt has done more harm and more good than any other President.

Around Washington they are predicting the Republicans will run Senator Robert La Follette for President in 1940. Question: What will happen to Chairman Frank if "Young Bob" is nominated?

**NEW YORK:** Sixty nations will participate in the coming World's Fair, more than have ever joined in any other international exposition, to date. The Fair, being held in a New York that must have things big, will have "a huge and unorthodox Trylon, the tallest triangular spire ever put up by mankind, and the Perisphere, largest ball ever constructed." More sensible will be the four statues on the \$60,000,000 mile-long Mall, symbolizing "The Four Freedoms:" press, assembly, speech and worship.

Freedom of religion will be portrayed by a young girl with her eyes raised heavenward and a prayer-book in her hands. On the base of the thirty-foot statue a number of houses of worship will be outlined, indicating that freedom of worship in America is not confined to any sect or creed. Sculptured by Leo Friedlander, the statue has won already wide acclaim from leading churchmen.

**LOUISIANA:** For years to come, Louisiana will talk of the Battle of the Machetes. The story goes thus:

A sudden spell of zero weather struck Louisiana in late November, threatening to wipe out the six-million-dollar crop of sugar cane. There were not enough laborers in the fields to cut the stalks and save them from total loss. The planters appealed to the Governor for help from the city. He sent men from the W.P.A.

Just as the French went to the front in taxicabs during the World War, the W. P. A. went to battle here, in trucks, special trains, busses, hoary old flivvers, anything. For three days they swung their heavy machetes, singing, fighting the cold. They saved the heaviest crop of cane in the history of the State. If they hadn't, if the stalks had all frozen and the juice fermented, all the chemical processes in the world could not have rescued enough sugar to make a lollypop.

**CHICAGO:** You can bet on the ponies in Chicago if you want to; it was illegal, but there are bookies who will take your bet, telegraph it from the pool-room or the cigar-store to the track, for a five per cent commission. Mayor Kelly wanted to legalize it: "Everybody's betting on the horses anyway. Why shouldn't the city get some of the revenue?" He said he could collect \$2,000,000 for the city treasury, and the treasury needs it.

Fighting him and his legalizing ordinance were ex-Governor Horner, most of the better lawyers of the Windy City and the Illinois Vigilance Association. The Mayor won; the new betting law went into effect January 15. It provides for municipal licensing of handbooks. Chicago expects to receive millions from license fees.

**JERSEY CITY:** One comes into Jersey City by tube or ferryboat; today, there are policemen watching every train and boat for C.I.O. agents. Finding them, they shove them back on boat or train and send them out of the city limits, pronto. Mayor Hague, who is the law and the prophet in Jersey City, has ordered it. There will be no C.I.O. in his factory-filled town, says the Mayor.

His tactics against labor have given him new enemies. There is a demand in Washington for a Federal investigation. New York's C.I.O. plans a fight to the finish, and Fannie Hurst, John Haynes Holmes and sixty-five others have started an anti-Hague movement for sweet civil liberty's sake.

Hague, to give him credit, has his good side. Criminals avoid his town carefully. There has not been a bank robbery or payroll holdup in Jersey City since 1918. There is not a single street-walker in the city. And he is sentimentally proud of his Medical Center; pride of his heart is its Maternity wing, built in memory of his mother and said to be the finest of its kind in the world.

## ABROAD

**CHINA:** Japan marches on. The Chinese defenses crumble, and the number of refugees forced into already over-crowded and poverty-stricken areas increases by the million. With them increases the chaos, disorder and anarchy which Japan must wipe out before she can begin to enjoy her spoils.

In order that he may spend his entire time in organizing firmer resistance to the enemy, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has resigned as Premier of China. His place has been taken by Dr. H. H. Kung, former Minister of Finance.



Six hundred thousand Japanese troops must be supported indefinitely as police in the Yangtze area; 300,000 more are now maintained in Manchukuo, and must be kept there. Well over a million men must be supported in a standing army to keep China down.

How long can Japan stand that?

**RUSSIA:** Soviet Russia has had an election. Ninety million citizens marched to polls fitted up with radios, chess boards, lunch counters and orchestras; ninety million did exactly as they were told; they elected every one of the hand-picked Stalin candidates. There were no other candidates. Next day one million Russians crowded Red Square and shouted, "Hurrah for Stalin."

A week later, sixteen new death penalties were made known. The offenses included: Stocking stores with buttons nobody wanted; storing window-dummies in a cellar where water ruined them; failure to stock stores with adequate goods for which there was a demand; killing a peasant woman-worker.

The women seem to be having a hard time of it in Russia. One lady's husband, strongly objecting to the idea of woman suffrage, beat it by hanging his wife from a barn door.

**SPAIN:** Boasting that he had "practically won the war," General Franco recently launched one more attack against Teruel, Toledo and Brunete to finish the business. He said it would be easy: this was just mopping up.

The Loyalist enemy was not impressed. In a blinding blizzard, they launched a counter-offensive, surrounded and cut off Teruel, forced the sacrifice of more Rebel men, and proved that Franco had spoken out of his turn. Now it is Franco who has launched another counter-attack, in a desperate attempt to retake the key city of Teruel.

As we write of Teruel, before us is a letter from Earl Smith, who is doing Quaker relief work in shattered Oviedo. He speaks of a nightmare of ruin; of destroyed cathedrals reminiscent of Rheims; of children in winter with bare legs and feet; of toes protruding from torn shoes, of giving out forty blankets to 652 children.

What price victory!

**IRELAND:** This morning the British Empire lost three million people and seventeen million acres of land. Ireland is free. Eamonn De Valera's new Constitution becomes law, ending the old Free State and establishing a new nation called Eire. Pronounce it Airy.

We say Ireland is free; in fact it is but a part of Ireland: Twenty-seven southern counties are free to rule themselves under an elected President and Legislature. To the north are the six counties around Ulster, still cooperating with the British Empire. Eire's greatest problem now is to bring the north into the union. That may happen soon, for there is much sympathy for union in the northern counties.

So, for the first time since the invasion of Henry II in 1172, the Irish can do as they please, governing themselves in their own right. England is through. Nowhere in the Constitution is the King of England so much as mentioned.

**ITALY:** Gathered last month into the Piazza Venezia were 100,000 Italians. Above them on a balcony Il Duce harangued: "Our presence at Geneva is impossible any longer. We are leaving a tumbling temple . . ." That was his build-up, their cue. Fighting mad, jaw bulging, he demanded of his 100,000:

"Shall it be inside (the League)?"

"NO."

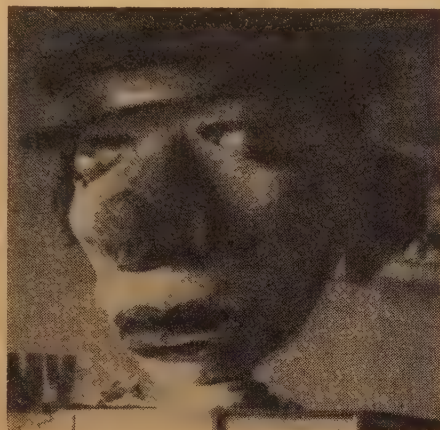
"Shall it be outside?"

"YES."

Thus Italy leaves the League. Nothing has been altered. For all practical purposes, Italy has been "out" ever since the voting of sanctions in the Ethiopian affair. She has remained "inside" only, it seems to outsiders, for the purposes of sabotage.

Comments England on the exit of Italy: "We are not impressed." France: "It is only logical." Russia: "An indication that war is brewing."

**FRANCE:** Smiling, subtle Yvon Delbos, Foreign Minister of France, is resting now after a tour of the Balkans.



Sovfoto, N. Y.

This grotesque scarecrow is one of those placed in public places in Russia to show drunkards just how they look to others

Perhaps he is figuring what France gained by the tour, what France has lost. Perhaps his balance sheet looks something like this:

**Poland:** Warmly received. The Poles, in a desperate geographical situation, are wavering between Nazi Germany, democratic France. Perhaps another visit should be made. . . .

**Roumania:** Warmly received in this country, where a pro-German minority rules a pro-French people. King Carol wants to keep both his throne and Magda Lupescu. He needs money. He nibbled at the bait of French gold: Delbos promised financial aid to build a tank factory. Money talks. Germany hasn't much money.

**Yugoslavia:** Cold reception. A Hitler-adoring military party rules here. Some few cheered, "Vive la France;" the government called that a student fracas; Delbos called it a demonstration against government Fascist sympathies. Yugoslavia now has a new trade pact with France; it will boom her lumber business.

**Czechoslovakia:** Thrilling reception. Wild cheers. Czechs fear Hitler is too

anxious to take over their country, a granary; they feel France to be their chief ally against Germany. They have seen the signs tacked up at the border by German guards:

"Eduard (Benes) save up your pence For Adolf soon will be over the fence."

**Balkans:** New sympathy, if not new allies, have been gained in the Balkans. This month, smart M. Delbos plans a tour of Greece, Turkey, maybe Bulgaria.

**ENGLAND:** A Bill went through the House of Commons recently. It provides for the wartime transfer of seven million people from "target cities" (London is one) lying within reach of foreign air raids.

Sir Samuel Hoare, pressing for the bill, admitted that it meant "setting back the clock thousands of years." Opponents said it was impossible to move seven million people without a panic. Roared a Hoare supporter: "It is easier to do it before they are stretcher cases than afterward." The bill passed, unanimously. Government will pay ninety per cent of the cost of transportation; the tax-burdened localities into which the refugees will move must pay the rest. Nobody knows how much it will cost.

## TEMPERANCE

**CHICAGO:** We have published a lot of statistics in this column, to prove that arrests are going up as repeal goes on. Police Chief John Pendergast of Chicago says that even statistics fail to tell the whole story: "Whenever we can, we try to see that a (drunken) man reaches his home unless he has disturbed the peace. If we tried to arrest every intoxicated person we would clog the courts and force the expenditure of a great deal of money. We can't take a man into court on the charge that he staggered, because the judge would just dismiss the case."

**RUM AND RELIEF:** Investigations during the past year in New York disclose the fact that workers on relief spent \$45,000,000 in a single twelve months on beer and distilled liquors. This was Federal money intended for rent, food and clothes. At that rate, twenty-five per cent of the entire twelve billion dollars taken from the people by the liquor traffic since repeal came out of the pockets of relief victims.

In one single district in Chicago, according to the press, "At least half of the men who came in here today (to the relief office) have been drinking. . . . In some cases, they are so drunk that we have to refuse them their checks." So beer, the "working man's friend," exploits the unemployed!

**FRENZIED FINANCE:** Booze, we are told, would balance the budget, pay off the national debt and take the country out of the red. Now that booze is back and working at that job, suppose we look at the record and see how it's being done.

We drank fifteen gallons of liquor per capita in the U. S. in 1937. That means a liquor bill of about five billion dollars.





The splendid new Administration building of the Moody Bible Institute on Lasalle street, Chicago, on which work has been begun. It will be twelve stories, the three top floors being occupied by Radio Station WMBI; the rest of the building will house activities until recently scattered among thirty-two buildings, and will include lecture halls, offices, library, etc., at a total cost of \$600,000

Out of the five billion the government collected twelve cents on the dollar: a good stiff tax. But it wasn't enough; last year the government ran at a deficit of \$2,707,347,110.60!

Taxes have not been reduced; they have been increased. Relief has remained practically stationary. The budget has not been balanced. The gross public debt has reached the highest point in the nation's history.

Add to that the cost of enforcing repeal, which is about the same as the cost of enforcing prohibition: \$13,000,000. Add also this: A billion dollars a year was diverted, during prohibition, to legitimate business channels; the relegalized traffic, in a fifty-four months period since 1932, has taken away from this legitimate business some \$12,417,790,860. Add to that another four billion in costs of liquor-bred accidents, crime, destitution, disease and inefficiency. Add to that. . .

You add it. I'm tired.

**SOCIAL DISEASE:** We are in the midst of a nation-wide campaign against syphilis, which is Public Health Enemy No. 1. It is one of our great social diseases, of which President Ray Lyman Wilbur of the American Hygiene Society says: "The use of liquor by young people tends to increase the rate of social disease in this country." He said that in New York, where venereal disease cases leaped from 75,000 in 1936 to 100,000 in 1937.

Dr. Wilbur is right. We can't blame this increase, much longer, on "The War." We can blame the roadhouse, the "hot spot" floor show, the tavern "club," the cocktail bar, the saloons where women "hostesses" encourage youth to drink.

**LIQUOR ADVERTISING:** Since repeal, some fifty-five million dollars has been poured into whiskey and gin advertising in the newspapers; add another twenty million for beer and wine. That, we say, is discouraging. But *this* we say, is encouraging:

According to *Editor and Publisher*, 375 daily papers in this country are refusing all advertisements of hard liquors; 178 others refuse *all* alcoholic beverage ads. Out of 876 college papers, only 101 accept beer ads, only 25 take whiskey advertising. The big news weekly, *Newsweek*, issues a dry edition, without any booze ads, which is sent to a list of subscribers throughout the country who especially request it. In point of circulation, the edition is small; in point of significance for the dry cause, the fact that such a magazine as *Newsweek* realizes there is a need for such an edition is arresting.

Its editor, Mr. Raymond Moley, lately called the booze business "an important wholesome part of our national life." Evidently there are a lot of editors who disagree with him.

**NO GAS:** The Franklin County (Ohio) Petroleum Retailers' Association, in session at Columbus, has pledged itself by unanimous vote not to sell a drop of gas to drunken drivers or even to drivers whose breath carries a strong odor of liquor. The policy is effective immediately in Franklin, and it has already been in effect for weeks in Cuyahoga County. This takes in Cleveland and Columbus, and therefore means a marked reduction in the highway death-rate of the State.

A good example for other cities.

**OUTSIDE, BARLEYCORN:** New Jersey's State Alcoholic Beverage Commissioner, Dr. Frederick Burnett, is gaining a reputation for "cracking down" on the liquor dealers in his district. When Bollers Beverages, Inc., liquor wholesalers, planned to put whiskey ads on the uniforms of athletes, the Commissioner quickly stopped it. It can't be done in his area, even in small letters.

The taverns of West Orange wanted to stay open all night Christmas Eve; he cracked down with these words: "The Christmas tree is one of the few remaining sentimentalities we allow ourselves to indulge in; it typifies the spirit of Christmas. The man who has spent the whole night in a tavern and comes home plastered at seven does not contribute anything to the family cheer except gloom."

Hear, hear!

## CHURCH NEWS

**BAPTISTS, NORTHERN:** "Burning Facts" is one of the cleverest bits of church publicity ever run off a church press; it is part of the Northern Baptist Convention's Crusade for "Better Baptist Churches." Some of the facts burn deep.

Fifty-five per cent of all Northern Baptist Churches have less than 125 members; twenty-three per cent of the members do all the work of the Church; fifty-four per cent of the members give nothing at all toward its support. There is nothing peculiarly Baptist about those figures.

More constructively written is "Better Baptist Churches," by Dr. Francis C. Stifler, who pleads eloquently for tithing. He offers plenty of proof that giving one-tenth pays big dividends.

It is a well-handled campaign. We commend a study of it to all the Churches, and to Mr. Roger Babson, who doubts the preacher's courage to face facts honestly.

**BAPTISTS IN CHINA:** Northern Baptist missions have suffered heavily in China, yet Providence seems guarding their missionaries. Of ninety-five missionaries in three China Missions, seventy-six are still at their stations. Not one has been killed; that is remarkable, for seven out of their twelve stations in East and South China have been attacked from the air.

**BAPTISTS, SOUTHERN:** The Foreign Missions Board of the Southern Baptist Convention is putting out a new magazine: *The Commission*. Now a quarterly, and soon to grow up into a monthly, it is a foreign missions periodical with one note from the first paragraph to the last: relief for the suffering millions of China.

The Home Missions Board is working on a pension plan for home and foreign workers. The Board feels that inasmuch as government social security legislation does not apply to religious workers, the Church should care for them. Three hundred home missionaries and four hundred foreign will be affected, if the plan goes through. We hope it will. The worn-out missionary is the Church's for-



gotten man. Sometimes they are forgotten before they retire. The writer came home, recently, with a missionary family returning on furlough from Korea; *they must raise their own fare back if they wish to return!* (They were not Southern Baptists.)

**LUTHERANS:** Three hundred years ago the first Lutheran came to America. Twenty years ago, a group of their descendants put their heads together, decided that the three church organizations into which they were divided were too many, merged the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the U. S. A., The General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in North America and the United Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the South into one body: the United Lutheran Church in America. So this year, the twentieth birthday of the "United" group will be celebrated at its 1938 Convention in Baltimore.

It will *not* be a celebration marked only by candles on a cake and long speeches. President F. H. Knobel says it will consist of an effort to spread evangelism. May they have many birthdays!

**MOST BEAUTIFUL VERSE:** In the December *Christian Herald*, this News Editor maintained the most beautiful verse in the Bible was Ruth 1:16. Circulation Manager said it was any verse in the 23rd Psalm; "Advertising" said it was any one of the first four verses of John 14. We asked the readers. The readers said we were all wrong.

Far ahead in the ballot of the readers is John 3:16. (We can give no figures at this date; the letters and cards are still pouring in; final totals next month.) In second place was John 14:1-4. In third, Ruth 1:16. Other verses received scattered votes, from thirty to one. Forty-two verses got one vote each.

Several readers said it was impossible to choose; that now one verse seemed most beautiful, now another. They are right. It depends on your background, on what mother and Sunday School teacher and pastor taught you to think the most beautiful; and on what life has done to you. If you're beaten, you need a comforting verse; if you're sick, a strengthening one. It all depends. . . .

But John 3:16 is a good one for all of us, any time.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.:** Princeton Theological Seminary is much in the newspapers, these days. It will play host to the 1938 meeting of the Western (American) section of the World Alliance of Presbyterian and Reformed Churches, on February 23-24. The Western Section represents more than four million Presbyterians.

A Chair of Ecumenics, the first of its kind in any religious institution, has been set up at Princeton Seminary; its purpose will be a study of "the universal Christian Church, its nature, status, and problems in the world today; its missionary movements and policy; its strategy in relation to the non-Christian faiths, as well as the new faiths of Communism and Fascism." Quite a chair, if you ask us.

Princeton, by the way, will be raising money in earnest for the next ten years.

Dr. Henry Seymour Brown has been put in charge of a \$3,000,000 financial campaign; the money will be used to build a new student center, for modernization of existing buildings on the campus.

## PREACHERS' PELLETS

**I find myself unwittingly becoming a conservative . . . Dr. John Haynes Holmes.**

**If we and the young persons of our day insist upon defining success in terms of money, fame, or conspicuous position in the community, we foredoom ourselves to headaches, heartaches, bitterness and an almost intolerable sense of failure. . . . Dr. James Gordon Gilkey.**

**The gospel is not all velvet; it is sometimes like sand-paper. . . . Rev. Paul C. Warren.**

**The present-day Christian should live neither in the past nor in the future, but in the present. . . . Dr. Henry Pitt Van Dusen.**

**The everlasting value of the Bible is not the beauty of its literature or its impressive drama, but its inspiring truth which has left its mark on the creative mind of the world. . . . Rev. Edmund Melville Wylie.**

**People have misused the word love and its meaning. They have turned charity into something as cold as ice. . . . Dean Arthur B. Kinsolving.**

**I have never been one of those who believe that the hope of the world lies in the younger generation. Youth does not know enough, has not suffered enough, has not failed often enough, is not tempered enough to move the world. It is a man, grown, matured, baffled by the years, beaten often in the struggle against the world, who can be the unconquerable witness of the Spirit of God. . . . Dr. Allan Knight Chalmers.**

**JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES:** The U. S. District Court of Philadelphia has ruled that school children cannot be forced to salute the Stars and Stripes if they have religious objections. Judge Albert B. Maris held that such young objectors could not be expelled unless their refusal could be shown to "endanger public welfare."

Just one day after that decision the State Education Department of New York ruled that religious belief is no excuse for refusal to salute.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S.:** Last month we made an error. We reported that the Presbyterian Church in the United States had sent to the presbyteries an Amendment to the Book of Church Order covering the retirement of ministers at the age of seventy.

The Amendment was recommitted, and never sent out. We regret our mistake,

rejoice that you men of seventy can breathe easier for some time to come.

**METHODISTS:** Ministers and students at Boston University School of Theology are getting their first instruction in radio scriptwriting, voice modulation and broadcasting. It is the first course of its kind, and of it teacher William L. Stidger says: "Preaching is shorter. The radio has made it briefer, more compact. Bombast and hot air are giving way to the eloquence of fact." Yes, he's the same Stidger who writes for *Christian Herald*.

**MENNONITES:** Several weeks ago, Governor Earle of Pennsylvania assured the Amish Mennonites of his state that their small rural schoolhouse would be opened. His order was disregarded by the local School Board, and the sect has resumed its battle.

**PRAYER-MEETING:** Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who needs no introduction, holds a weekly non-sectarian luncheon for business men in Philadelphia. It is the Russell H. Conwell Luncheon Club, and it is ninety-eight per cent religious. (Two per cent food.)

Rev. Karl V. Moore of St. Marks Methodist Church, Rockville Centre, Long Island, comes in to Manhattan to preside weekly at the St. Marks Diner's luncheon.

New days, new ways. This is the old prayer-meeting, in step with the times.

## EDUCATION

**DEBIT AND CREDITS:** Joseph Lewis of New York, tax-payer and Bible-foe, has asked the State's Court of Appeals to hold unconstitutional sections of the State Education Law permitting the reading of the Bible and the assembly of religious groups in the public schools. It costs \$200 a year. Mr. Lewis is indignant at such "waste."

President William Henry McMaster of Mount Airy Union College is alarmed over the future of the independent Christian college. He holds its very existence to be threatened by the great increase in State universities.

This is the debit side of this month's educational ledger, the pessimistic side. On the credit side, these items:

The *Daily Maroon*, official University of Chicago newspaper, has sounded a call for a revival of religion on the campus. Harvard students plan an extra-curricular "Outlines of Christianity" course; delegates from eleven New England colleges attended an Inter-Faith Conference at Brown University and unanimously adopted a resolution pledging their support in combating anti-religious and anti-democratic propaganda on the college campus. Dr. Gould Wickey, General Secretary of the Council of Church Boards of Education, questioned 828,071 college students and found out that 88.3 per cent of them have a definite religious preference.

More credits than debits here. There always will be, so long as there exists that innate human hunger after God and faith and certainty.





© Ewing Galloway

# Tomorrow's Bridge

Tomorrow's bridge, as I look ahead,  
Is a rickety thing to view:  
Its piers are crumbled, its rails are down,  
Its floor would let me through.

The chasm it spans is dark and deep,  
And the waters foam and fret—  
I have crossed that bridge a thousand times  
Though I never have reached it yet.

It has crashed beneath me to let me through,  
Although it is miles away;  
But strange, the bridges that I have crossed  
Have all been safe today.

Perhaps I shall find when I reach the one  
That lies in the distant blue,  
Some hand may have mended its rickety floor,  
And its piers may be strong and new,

And I can pass over, light-hearted, free,  
As a bird on the buoyant air.  
Forgive me, God, for my fearful heart,  
My anxious and foolish care.

Grace Noll Crowell



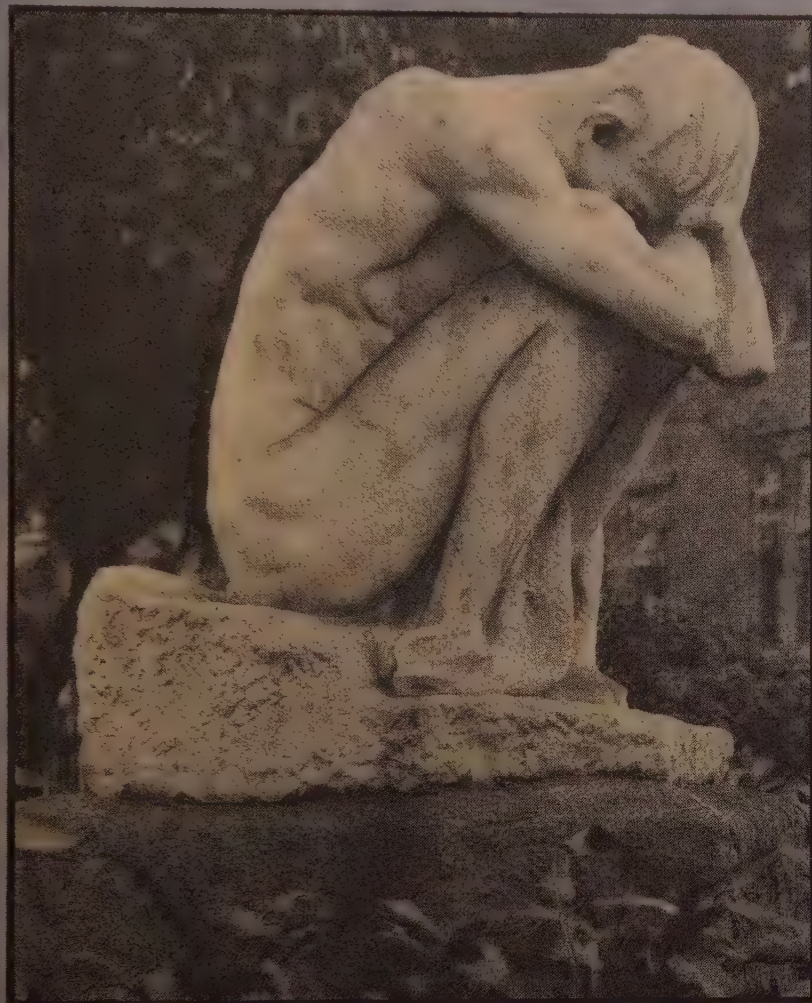
February

1938



## CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



## THE OUTCAST

*This dramatic figure, by the famous American Sculptor Piccirilli, symbolizes the deep despair into which individuals and nations may be plunged by misunderstanding and indifference*

The humane and scientific activities of the Rockefeller Foundation, have reached every continent, almost every country on the globe. No one, therefore, is better fitted to write of international friendship than the author of this article

By JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

## "I Cannot Hate the Man I Know"

**A** GLANCE at the world of today reveals the fact that fear stalks the earth like a specter in the night. Just as children are afraid of the dark, which their imaginations fill with all sorts of hobgoblins and ghosts, so mankind, worried and frightened, sees specters in the gloom about him.

And it must be admitted that many of these things we thought were specters are very real. Ever since 1914, and increasingly in recent years, a new threat of insecurity has hung over human life around the world. It is from this insecurity that fear comes. We are afraid because the area of certainty is diminishing, because life is beset with hazards, which, while never entirely absent in the past, seem now to be especially threatening. Among the workers there is the fear of unemployment—the constant nightmare that shadows millions of men and women

everywhere as to how food, clothing and shelter can be obtained. Among employers there is growing anxiety as to whether business can be continued and payrolls met. Within individual nations there is the fear that arises from the noisy clash of differing theories of social control. In the international field, in the relations of one nation with another, fear reaches its climax—fear lest populations will overflow available land areas; fear lest national resources will be inadequate to supply national needs; fear lest stronger nations or groups will seek to dominate and absorb weaker ones; fear lest natural and proper trade relations long established between

nations will be cut off or forcefully diverted to other nations. Over and above all these things, there is the constant and overshadowing fear of war. Already it has broken out in several places. As a spark falling among the dry leaves of autumn, fanned by the wind, may carry destruction to great areas, so war, unless a way to prevent it is speedily discovered, may again lay waste the world's resources in human lives and natural wealth.

Dr. T. K. Jones, for whom I have the deepest admiration and truest affection, tells a story about a summer resident in Maine who got his vegetables from a neighboring farmer. One year the farmer did not ap-



pear. The summer visitor sought him out at his home and found him sitting on his back piazza:

"I have missed you," said the summer visitor. "Where have you been?"

"Haven't you heard what happened to me?" said the farmer.

"No, what did happen?" was the reply.

"I had a stroke," said the farmer.

"You don't say," said the summer visitor. "How are you now?"

"Well," said the farmer, "I sit on the piazza here and rock, I enjoy my victuals, and I feel all right. They tell me I have lost my mind, but I haven't missed it any."

value of cooperation, national and international. It had shrunk the boundaries of the earth, lowered national barriers, brought the peoples of many lands into closer relation, and developed a spirit of internationalism that gave great promise for the future peace of the world. The period of reconstruction that followed was a period of fading hopes. Seriously impoverished in men and material resources, bitterly disillusioned as to the permanent value of those things for which the war had been fought, struggling often for a mere subsistence, the nations of the world were swept by a wave of cynical, selfish individualism and narrow nationalism. Nevertheless, people still believed that human progress and national security

Wherein, then, lies the hope of the future? In this day of changing standards, is anything stable and enduring? What is the answer to the fears and insecurity and bitterness that dominate the world today? Frankly, I do not know the answer. Moreover, I do not believe that *anybody* knows the answer. Mankind is wandering in heart-breaking perplexity, bewildered by many false prophets and discouraged by many false hopes.

But there is an antidote to fear, and that is faith. The motto over the main entrance of International House is "That Brotherhood May Prevail." When that motto was carved in stone thirteen years ago it was an act of faith. We did not know whether the experiment would work or not. We were not sure that men and women from scores of separate nations, representing radically different backgrounds in terms of race and religion and environment and political ideas, could live together under the same roof, not only in harmony and peace but in friendship and loyalty. Here in this laboratory of human relationships we had to prove—what had not been proved before—that a group so divergent in origin could think in terms of the common good, that across the wide chasms of cultural differences hands could be clasped in tolerance and understanding.

That was thirteen years ago. Today we have proved that act of faith. In four International Houses there has been built up a nucleus of good-will among nations, a growing body of alumni, now returned to every country of the world, who have themselves tested the experiment and can bear witness to the fact that it works.

It is on this kind of experiment, repeated in many other forms and in many other ways, that I base my own faith in the future. If in this world in miniature, which we call International House, such an atmosphere of fellowship can be developed, is it too difficult to believe that the extension of the same tolerant spirit over wide areas of the earth is beyond the purposeful intelligence of mankind? For myself I have no hesitancy in answering that question. I believe that the day will come when tolerance will be substituted for bitterness in ordering the affairs of this world. I believe in the creative power of human intelligence. I believe that ideals of justice and right are bound to win in the long run against injustice and might. I believe that we can yet make this world a worthy and beautiful home to live in instead of a place to fight and starve in. This is my creed.

This creed is based, first, upon the conviction that there are certain fundamental and underlying things which do not change. Look at the mountains and the valleys; they do not change. Turn your eyes to the heavens; the sun still shines upon mankind by day and the moon by night, nor is there a star missing from its accustomed place. As surely as the fall winds strip the leaves from the trees which the snows of winter cover as with a shroud, will the miracle of the spring bring them back to life and clothe them anew with verdure. The tender and sacrificial quality of a mother's love does not change. The Good Samaritan still binds up the wounds of the man who has fallen among thieves. Do we not continue to witness the transcendent beauty of the sunset and to hear the happy voices of



RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

*Mr. Rockefeller contributed generously to this cathedral's restoration and to churches, schools and hospitals in many lands*

One sometimes wonders whether the world has not lost its mind and that not having "missed it any" is only an added proof that it really has lost it. In times like these the future of civilization seems dark and uncertain, as fear, like a pall, enshrouds us. It is difficult to believe that nineteen years ago—on Armistice Day in 1918—although the nations of the world were exhausted by war, the outlook appeared so much more promising and hopeful than it does today.

The World War had demonstrated the

could be achieved by international treaties, diplomatic negotiations, political understandings and social and industrial reforms. But now that solemn obligations between nations seem to be regarded as not worth the paper they are written on, now that an agreement appears to be no longer sacred if it ceases to be in the interest of either party, now that the end is thought to justify the means, and might makes right—one's confidence in institutions, movements and mechanisms is severely shaken.



innocent children? Can anything take from us goodness, truth and beauty or separate us from those undergirding sources of strength which the great religions of the world have revealed to us? These are things that endure. They live on, for they are eternal. They have carried me through many a dark day and haunting night. Without faith in them, life for me would at times have seemed overwhelming.

My creed is based, likewise, on a belief in the innate, fundamental fineness of individual personality. I am old-fashioned enough to cling to the conviction that in every human being there is a spark of the divine. No home, no family group, no social or business organization, no political or national party, no nation, can rise above the level of the men and women of whom it is composed. Therefore, although

among the myriads of human beings on the earth?" While a single grain of sand is almost infinitesimal, it is of such minute particles that the far-flung shores of the sea are composed. Every grain counts in making the mass. Similarly, every individual who is honest, fearless, peace-loving, who is imbued with the spirit of brotherhood and of service to his fellow-men, is an influence for good in any group or nation of which he is a member and helps to insure the wise use of its power.

And so, instead of holding out to you the challenge of service in conspicuous places and in connection with vital world problems, I am saying to you, as I am saying to myself; let us tonight highly resolve to be the masters of our own souls and to make our inner life and its outward manifestation a positive influence for good in the world. In this way, if we

said Charles Lamb. To get to know each other is the first step toward Brotherhood. At various times in my life I have been critical of other people because I did not know them and the difficulties with which they were often bravely contending, and I have been heartily ashamed of myself when I came to know the facts.

A French writer has said, "To know all is to forgive all." How true that is! What a different world this would be if we could but learn to judge only in the clear light of knowledge and not in the mist of ignorance and prejudice! But to know and understand people, especially those of other races and nations, one must have a knowledge of their culture, background and environment. Habits of thinking and living that seem normal and natural to one, often appear strange to a person of other traditions and upbringing. A sym-



**Mr. Rockefeller** receiving the congratulations of Alumni of International House after delivering an address on International Good Will

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organized society hesitates, confused, at the crossroads, undecided as to the next step, the duty of the individual is clear—to make himself in every way as fine and useful as the resources and opportunities available to him make possible.

"But what is the use?" you say. "What can one life, however nobly lived, mean

have access to those hidden sources of power that earnest seeking and right living will make available to us, we shall make the most of our lives whether they are lived in places high or low.

If, then, in the development of the individual lies the hope of raising the level of organized groups and mass action, how doubly important it is that brotherhood should prevail. It will prevail only in proportion as all who are interested in a peaceful world composed of friendly, happy people are willing to give time, thought, effort and to make sacrifices in order that it may prevail.

"I cannot hate the man whom I know,"

pathetic heart and an understanding mind go far toward insuring right interpretations and friendly judgments.


"That Brotherhood May Prevail."

That is not just an Utopian dream, but a workable way of life. What is possible among thousands of young people is possible among millions of others throughout the world. They have lighted a great light. Guard it jealously that it be not extinguished. Hold it ever aloft that it may shine far. Pass it on to others who will cherish it and in turn pass it on until it may some day circle the globe and Brotherhood May Prevail throughout the world.



By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

 THE car slithered to a stop in front of the old stone house, while the man leaned hard against his wheel and muttered a curse. All around the car snow whirled in eddies and drifts—the windshield was coated with a thick, impenetrable mask of it.

"I might be in the midst of the Sahara Desert," said the man angrily, and jammed his fist down upon the horn. "Maybe this will get some action!" he muttered.

The horn sounded hoarse and violent against the snowy stillness of the night. It struck the side of the stone house and bounced back with a thousand shrill echoes. The man cursed again.

"There's nobody home," he growled. "Or, if there is anybody home, they've been in bed ten hours. Why should people live in God-forsaken places like this?" His hand came down hard upon the button, and once more the horn shattered the stillness. And then, as if the noise had broken through locks and bars, a heavy door swung inward and a woman—holding a lamp in her hand—stood in the golden rectangle of it.

"Is it you, Horace?" called the woman. "I've been awfully worried!"

The man opened the door of his car and climbed stiffly out into the snow. He felt suddenly angry. He called—"No, I'm not Horace—whoever he is—but I'm lost. Can I come inside and get my bearings?"

The woman held the lamp higher in her hand, as if to pierce the swirling snow and the shadows. The man realized with a little inward chuckle that she was trying to see his face.

"I thought you were my husband," she said at last. "Yes, of course you may come inside."

Slamming shut the door of his car the man plowed through damp, clammy drifts. He thanked his lucky stars—such as they were—for the fact that the distance between the car and the stone house was so short. In a split second he was standing on the lowest of the steps that led to the doorway.

"This sure is one lousy night!" he said.

The woman agreed. "It's not a fit night to be out," she told him. "You must be nearly frozen. Come inside."

The man stepped over the sill and the woman closed a heavy oaken door after him. Blinking in the swift flood of light, he surveyed the entrance hall in which he was standing. It wasn't like a city foyer, this entrance hall—it was simple, papered with faded gray, and there were braided rag rugs on the floor, and silhouettes in oval frames hanging upon the wall.

"It looks like a stage set for East Lynne or something," the man said, and laughed shortly. "Say, how far am I from Washington's Crossing?"

"You're a good ten miles," the woman



## Stone House



told him. "I don't think you can make it tonight."

The man laughed shortly. "Ten miles isn't much to my car," he bragged, "and it's kind of important that I get there. I've got to meet a couple of guys."

The woman set her lamp upon a maple table that stood in a corner. She said—"It's not the distance, so much, but the road is narrow and lies over a mountain. In this storm it wouldn't be safe—"

"What is?" the man wanted to know. "Safe, I mean! Are you here all alone?"

The woman's face grew troubled. "Yes," she said, "I am. You see, my husband's out in the storm. There's a man dying

down the road a ways, and my husband had to go—"

The man said, "It's not much of a night for dying, is it? Your husband a doctor?"

"No," the woman answered. "My husband's a minister." She tried to laugh. "I'm forgetting my manners," she said. "Won't you come in and sit down by the fire and get thawed out?"

The man said rather ungraciously, "I suppose I might as well. I've driven all the way from the big city."

The woman drew her breath in an incredulous little gasp. "All the way from the city!" she said. "That's a long drive."



And now you're going to Washington's Crossing?" Her tone was a question.

The man answered, "Yeah."

The woman's face was puzzled. "But there's no hotel at Washington's Crossing," she said. "There's only the factory."

"That's enough for me," the man said. "Which way's your living room, sister?"

If she resented being called "sister," the woman didn't show it. It wasn't until sometime later that her visitor realized that she was probably used to being called "sister." After all, she was a minister's wife.

Now she said simply, "This way, please," and the man followed her across the hall into a low, pleasant room.

"Take off your coat and sit down," said the woman, "and I'll make you some tea. By the by, I'm Mrs. Sellers."

The man's laugh was like a muffled roar deep in his chest. "Tea?" he said. "I suppose there's nothing stronger in the house?" He added quickly, "My name's John Doe—"

The woman hesitated. "Well, Mr. Doe, there's coffee," she said at last. "Would coffee be better than tea?"

As he struggled out of his great coat the man made answer. "Yeah, coffee would be better, I suppose," he told her, "but before you go to get it I want to ask you a few questions."

"Oh, yes," said the woman, "you wanted to know about the road."

The man said, "I'll ask you about the road later. What I want to know, now, is about the factory at Washington's Crossing. You said it's ten miles away?"

"Ten good miles," amended Mrs. Sellers.

"I suppose," said the man, and he said it scathingly, "that ten miles is a big distance out here in the sticks. You wouldn't have any contact with the folks that work in the factory?"

The woman replied, "That's where you're wrong, Mr. Doe. We have lots of contact with them, my husband and I. Ever so many of the factory workers belong to my husband's congregation."

"Goody-goodies, eh?" sneered the man. He moved over to the fireplace and leaned against the mantel. "Nice warm blaze you got," he said. "Are the folks who work in the factory pretty fed up with their jobs?"

The woman laughed. "Oh, no," she said, "they're happy—all of them."

"Happy?" snarled the man.

His hostess was moving softly about the room, straightening a table ornament there, fluffing a pillow here—one could see that she was nervous for her absent husband.

"Why shouldn't they be happy?" she said at last. "The factory is light and the work is pleasant and all the men have their own little cottages—"

"Model homes, ain't they?" queried the man. "Seems like I heard about them—" He spat into the fire and it sizzled protestingly.

"Yes, indeed," answered the woman. "Mr. Hartwell—the president of the factory—had an architect come out from New York to design them. They're beautiful. Why, they even have colored bathrooms."

"Ain't that the cats!" grinned the man, suddenly mirthful. "There's never been

a strike in *that* factory, has there?"

"Why should there be a strike?" queried the woman indignantly. "Mr. Hartwell believes in sharing profits. When anybody works hard, there, he's working for himself."

The man who stood by the fireplace was ugly, now. He scowled: "That kind of guf gives me a pain. That sort of folks don't get anywhere. The workers oughta organize, pull together—*fight for their rights*. A good charge of dynamite under the factory would show old Hartwell a thing or two."

The minister's wife was astonished. A faint frown creased her smooth, middle-aged brow. "Why should they fight for their rights?" she asked. "They've got their rights already!"

"People like you make me sick," said the man by the fireplace. He muttered an unsavory word beneath his breath. "Say, how about that coffee? I've got to



## THE PATTERN

Every worker in the quarry

Has his part in Life's Great Plan;

Fits his blocks in the mosaic

When he plays his part as man.

Cleaving sod, or drawing water,

All are working toward a goal;

Putting all the best that's in them

To the making of a soul.

Weaving hope and praise and service

With the labor of their hands;

If they're faithful to the Pattern,

That is all that God demands.

Not just work with costly fabrics!

Crushing stone, or cutting sod,

Man can glorify what's lowly

When he does it as to God!

Rawley Lemley



get a move on. I can't stay here all night."

"Oh, of course," the woman apologized, "I'd forgotten about the coffee." She started for the door of the living room. "You'll find some magazines on the table," she said. "They may amuse you while I'm gone."

"I've got plenty to think about," said the man shortly. "You needn't worry about *me* being amused."

The woman went quietly out of the room. There was something puzzled in her very step. After a moment the man sat down in a chair beside the fire and put his damp feet on the polished brass hearth rail. He stared aggressively around the room—a larger duplicate of the hall into which he'd made his entrance. More maple furniture, more braided rugs, more silhouettes. He said irrelevantly—

"The devil take these contented peo-

ple," and closed his eyes. Against the lids of them he could see a row of model homes erected by the profit-sharing Mr. Hartwell who must look a little like Santa Claus. "It'll be hard to get these bozos organized," he thought, "but wait until I start talking. And once organized the dough will come in handy—to me. . . ."

There was a moment of silence broken only by the hiss and crackle of the fire. The man in the chair stretched his legs as luxuriously as a great cat, and yawned and opened his eyes. He was startled to see, sitting in the chair opposite him, on the other side of the fireplace, another man. A tired-looking man—muffled in a rather shabby coat.

"Oh," said John Doe, "you're Horace—aren't you—the minister? When'd you get in?"

The man who sat across from him spoke slowly, as if he were almost exhausted.

"I'm not Horace," he said, "and I'm not a minister—and I've been here all the time." He moved painfully and there was a flicker of light against his high boots, and upon the brass buttons of his worn waistcoat. "A bad night, Mr. Doe," he murmured.

The man from the big city blinked. "Kidding me?" he queried. "Or did you happen to hear what I told the parson's wife when she asked my name?"

"Perhaps I heard," said the man. He crossed his knees and John Doe—*noticing* that he wore fawn colored broadcloth breeches—sniggered.

"You been to a masquerade?" he asked, insultingly.

The man in the opposite chair answered quietly. "No," he said, "I've been fighting for my country—"

John Doe—so-called—laughed harder than ever. "You're a great little joker," he said. "Well, I'm a fighter myself, so put it there. . . . What's your name, big boy?"

The man sighed. "You may call me General, if you care to," he said.

"Old General Nuisance," taunted John Doe. "What's your game, anyway?"

The General said, "It isn't a game, sir. I'm merely trying to hold the souls of men together until they reach the hour of victory. I'm trying to make some fragments of land and humanity into a coherent nation. I'm building for the future—and for posterity. . . ."

John Doe said, "Posterity never did a darn thing for me. I'm fighting to get some of what it takes into my own pockets. Ever heard of the factory at Washington's Crossing?"

"A factory—at Washington's Crossing?" queried the General. "I don't believe I—understand."

"Well, gimme time and you will," said John Doe. "I'm going to organize a strike there—see? The workers think they're contented, but I'll put a flea in their ears—"

"What," asked the General, "is a strike?"

John Doe spoke airily. "Where've you been all your life," he wanted to know. "A strike's closing down on an industrial plant—and putting the bee on the owner and—"

The General asked another question. "But aren't strikes very bad," he asked, "for these United States?"

John Doe (Continued on page 57)



# The NEW



Wide World

Above, F. H. La Guardia, New York's fighting Mayor, in one of his fighting poses. Right, New York's famous old City Hall, as beautiful without as it has, too often, been unbeautiful within

Lincoln Steffens "muck-raked" the cities from the Bronx to San Francisco, and he proved that they were all alike and that we'd always have to put up with it; he said he didn't believe much in reform governments; the reformers were soon as bad as the rest.

I grew up on that, voting now one way and now another in the faint ethereal hope that I'd vote for the lesser of two thieves. So did millions of us. Millions of us just got disgusted and quit voting; we played golf on election day. Why bother? You only voted one crook out and another in, anyway. We gave over to the ward-heeler and the racketeer, and that unholy pair fastened their evil hands around the neck of the ballot and squeezed it to death while they asked us brazenly, "What are you going to do about it?"

It seems to me that for the first time in years we are really doing something about it. If the tabulations of last election day mean anything, I read them to mean that there is a new brand of politician being born, a new spine being grafted into John Q. Voter. For all over the country, John Q. rose in his wrath at the polls and made the first gestures toward tearing the unclean



Gendreau

*There is a breakup of the old politics in the United States. La Guardia and Dewey are just illustrations of what is happening all over the country. People no longer vote as their fathers voted. A new man is appearing in American politics, of whom La Guardia is only representative, and the impossible is happening, not only in New York, but everywhere*

By FRANK S. MEAD

ONE of my grandfathers was a die-hard Democrat and the other was a black Republican; nights, they used to sit on the front porch and argue. How they could argue. I waited for them to kill each other, but they never did; spared a lesson in murder, they taught me a lot of other lessons.

I learned from them, and from others, that politics is the great black art of America. That all Democrats were demons with horns and all Republicans worse than that; it all depended upon your point of view, upon which side of the fence you were on. But all of them were thieves, grafters, liars. A decent man steered clear of the whole unlovely business of politics, lest his reputation be ruined and his fair name dragged in the mud.

The worst of it was that there wasn't anything you could do about it. It just went on and on, from one generation to the next. Bill Tweed was caught and thrown into jail and while he was dying in jail another crop of grafters, in knee breeches, was learning the black art. Every generation produced its quota, right on time. It was the same in our fair democracy.

hands off the American ballot, giving it a chance to breath clean fresh air again.

Maybe I'm wrong, but take New York. That will be easy; New York is in the habit of being "taken;" Tammany Hall has been taking it now for quite some time. I remember distinctly hearing Al Smith make a speech in that heyday of Tammany's taking when Jimmy Walker was Mayor, and saying, "We'll win. The Republicans haven't got a chance; no other party but the Democrats has a chance in this city. A Fusion Mayor? Don't make me laugh!" It did seem that way. Jimmy romped home with the victory so far ahead of his nearest opponent that the opponent seemed running in the next race. New York was definitely in Tammany's bag. Even some of the business men, who sat in Methodist and Presbyterian and Baptist pews on Long Island and in New Jersey, used to tell me, "If I lived and worked in New York, I'd vote Tammany. It pays." It did. What they didn't realize was that someone paid Tammany, too.

New York made the mistake, for a good many years, of thinking of Tammany Hall as just a political party. It was much, much more than that. It was one of the greatest charitable institutions on the face of the earth. It not only favored the business men who favored it, but Tammany went out of its way to favor the poor devil who was unemployed, or worse. Let a regular Democrat get run down by a truck in the street and a Tammany agent chased the ambulance and paid the hospital bill. Let a scrub-woman in Harlem get out of a job, and the Hall sent her groceries. Let the son of a good deserving voter, who knew which way to vote, run afoul of the police and get into jail, and the jail door was miraculously "sprung," and the boy went free,



# POLITICS

and there were two votes come next election day instead of one. In the shadow of the Hall there was no suffering, no hunger; there was money enough to go 'round.

Of course, there was more for the men at the top than for the men at the bottom. That wasn't so well known at first, for it was done carefully and almost secretly, and the poor chap who had his twenty-five dollar hospital bill paid didn't know that the boss was scraping in dollars and doling out pennies. He didn't know it until a man named Samuel Seabury ripped the lid off the mysterious Pandora's box of Manhattan politics and let loose such a flock of the black angels of privilege and corruption that he asked in spite of himself (and his receipted bill) "How long has *this* been going on?"

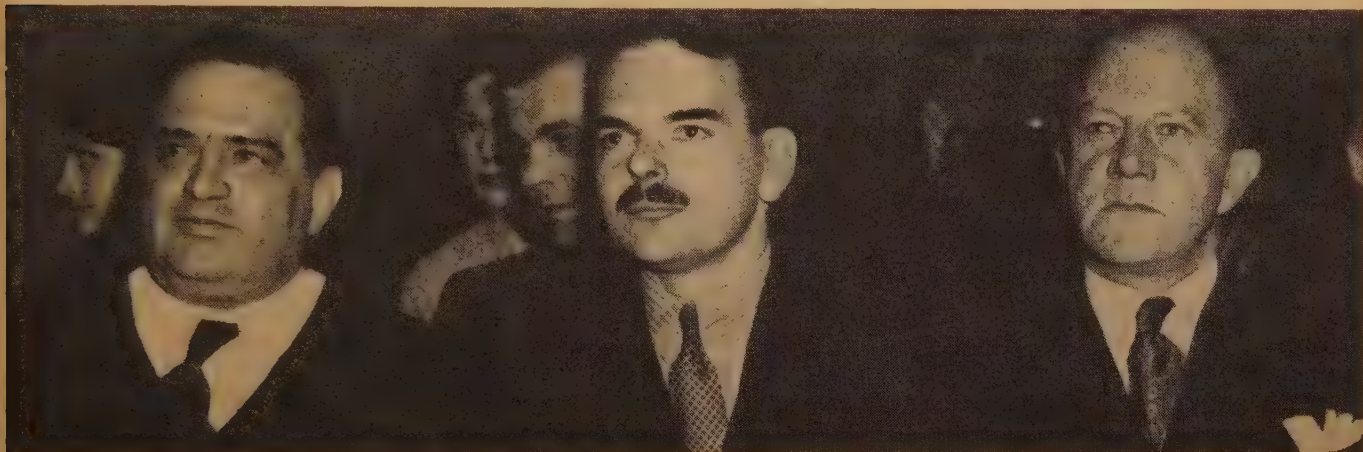
Soon the question took another form: "How long *must* it go on?" Forever? Tammany thought so. The bag still held, but there were rips and tears appearing as the man Seabury kept jabbing in his legal sword. One after the other he pilloried the political malefactors right out in broad daylight, where New York could see them, until New York began to understand that

Mayor shouted loud when the state Supreme Court decided that certain condemned property, valued by greedy Tammany at \$4,000,000 was worth only \$900,000. That was when the business men stopped, looked and listened to La Guardia.

Not only the business men but anybody who had a dime took notice when he slapped on the sales tax. That took courage: courage of a brand that Tammany knew nothing of: the brand that disregards political consequences. Next to diphtheria, such a tax was the most unpopular thing in New York, or anywhere else; Governor Hoffman tried it in New Jersey, and wrote "finis" to his career. La Guardia knew that, but he insisted on the tax, caring not a hoot what happened to him. There was a mighty raging for awhile, until the city's millions realized that he had put this tax on them to take care of the unemployed!

The taxpayer also began to realize that while he had taken over a city looted to the hilt, bankrupt and unable to borrow another dollar from the banks, this Mayor was slowly but surely taking New York out of the red. He never slept; he watched civic appropriations with an eagle eye; he spotted graft a mile away, and knifed it. He did it. Today he can borrow all he wants from *any* bank.

That courage popped up in everything he did. A list was handed him; a list of men his party wanted appointed to the best jobs. He never even read their names; he dropped the list into the waste-basket and appointed whom he pleased. Parties meant nothing; race, color and condition of servitude went by the boards. What appointments he made! The case of Park Commissioner Moses is typical. Washington didn't want Moses to build the Triboro Bridge; Washington turned



Wide World

**The men who are driving graft and racketeering and crime out of the nation's metropolis. Left to right, Mayor La Guardia, District Attorney Dewey, and Police Commissioner Valentine**

they were paying high for what government they got, and that it was about the worst government in the country. One after another, the malefactors quit. Seabury's light was too strong.

New York was mad, when the whole truth was known; New York turned out the Tammany Mayor and elected Fiorello La Guardia in his place. Tammany smiled. This had happened before. They'd let the reform Mayor clean up the mess while they reformed their lines, then they'd take things over again at the next election. They still had enough henchmen in strategic spots to hold things 'till the comeback. Tammany out? Don't make us laugh! What was most important, Tammany still had the office of District Attorney, and so long as they could hold that. . . . They would rest, and reform, and get ready.

But La Guardia, sleepless and shrewd, kept them so busy that they couldn't get ready; he was, if we may use such an illustration in such a magazine, for all the world like the smart pugilist who never gives his opponent a chance to "get set" for a real punch. He never let up on Tammany; there was nothing Tammany could do but cover up. Said one Tammany leader, "You could take a wagonload of dough down to City Hall and the little fellow would jail you." He couldn't be bought off nor begged off; he was busy telling the public that the public paid the piper. The public squirmed when Jimmy Walker, who had quit under fire, came back from Europe and grabbed a \$12,000 a year job that let him in for a handsome pension; the public as well as the

everything but Heaven and Gibraltar to get rid of him; the Mayor said he'd fight to the last ditch for this man whose combination of personal integrity and ability to get things done had made him the finest man for such a job in the country. (Moses has spent millions on his program; personally, he is a poor man.) The Mayor said he'd fight. Commissioner Moses built the Bridge.

There were a hundred appointments handled just like that, from the highest offices to the lowest. A young chap asked for a job as mechanic in a city garage. He sent in word: "I flew in the War with the Mayor. He'll remember me." The Mayor sent back word: "That doesn't mean a thing to me; I don't know the man. But is he a good mechanic?" His references said he was. He got the job. It was the only question the Mayor was interested in: "*Can you do the job?*"

It was just about then that Governor Lehman appointed a young, untried, "freshman" lawyer to investigate the rackets of Manhattan. That was bad—for Tammany. For the appointee, young "Tom" Dewey, was a man built to order to help Mayor La Guardia and to put the finishing touches on The Hall. This freshman never knew fear; neither did wagonloads of dough interest him. He was one of the type of lawyer familiar in Lincoln's day, but which we all thought had disappeared: the lawyer who would rather be right than rich. What he did to the racketeer is history; he ran down and jailed the foulest and cruelest form of criminal New York had ever seen—the racketeer who thrived on prostitution. From the lowest of them up to Lucky Luciano, their boss, he ran them down, dragged them into court and sent them up the river to Sing Sing. It was a house-cleaning that New York had despaired of, and New York



loved it and gave Dewey loud acclaim.

When he got through with Luciano, it was time for another Mayoralty election; also for another District attorney. There was only one name for Mayor: La Guardia. And as time wore on, there was only one name for District Attorney: the name of Tom Dewey, the nemesis of the racketeer. Larger and larger loomed that name in the minds of those who still believed in law and order and decent politics: Dewey. Larger and larger in the mind of Tammany Hall loomed a great unspeakable fear at the mention of that name: Dewey. "Why, with Dewey as District Attorney," confided a Tammany leader to a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "none of us will be safe. They'll have to add a new wing to Sing Sing."

NOT a stone was left unturned to prevent his nomination. Not a trick was left untried, not a whisper or threat neglected. It was Tammany's last stand, and there was no Custer in sight. It was wasted effort. La Guardia was nominated. Dewey was nominated. And they both went about the business of drawing up a case against Tammany with all the painstaking care that Dewey had used in building up his case against the racketeer. When they presented it to the people, it was perfect. Tammany stood convicted.

New York went to the polls and pulled the levers of the voting-machine. Party lines sagged, snapped, disappeared. Party machinery just gave out and broke down. By the thousand, good "regular" Democrats deserted the Tammany ship and wrote in the name "La Guardia and Dewey" on their ballots. Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Laborites, whatnot, voted for the fellows who couldn't be bought or scared. That night the country was informed that Tammany had lost by over 400,000. The Democratic President of the United States called the Mayor-elect on the phone and said simply, "Congratulations!" Yes, party lines had . . . disappeared.

And finally, the defeated candidate for Mayor, Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney, said only a few days ago that his party in New York City must drop the name of Tammany. "Because," asserted Judge Mahoney, "the word 'Tammany' has become a national symbol for all that is crooked, slimy, unpatriotic and sinister in politics in any machine-ridden city." Think of a Tammany man daring to say that ten years ago!

NOW we've taken a lot of words and space to tell all this, for what seems to us a good reason. We believe that the million people who will read *Christian Herald* this month are interested in it because they are interested in decent government. We have an idea that they have an idea that the ballot-box, battered as it is, is still the corner-stone of the American Commonwealth, and worth preserving. We think they believe that the American ballot and the American voter, all appearances to the contrary, are not for sale.

What is more to the point, we believe that Mayor La Guardia and District Attorney Dewey are only illustrations of what is happening or about to happen all over the United States. There is a break-up of the old politics. Men and women are voting Republican or Democratic no

longer simply because their fathers voted Republican or Democratic; they cross political lines and vote differently as easily as they cross denominational lines and worship in another church. What they are asking of candidates now is not, "Where do you stand on the tariff?" but, "What kind of man are you? Are you on the level? What about your character?"

I say there is a new man appearing in American politics, a man of whom La Guardia and Dewey are highly representa-



Lester H. Clee, New Jersey's aggressive "parson in politics," who gave the machine a close race in the election for Governor

tive. A man who is not in politics for what he can get out of it, but for what he can give.

There is Bruce Barton, also of New York; can anyone imagine him in the role of Bill Tweed? He is the sort of man with the sort of mind and heart that politics sorely needs. There is that New Jersey clergyman, Clee, who has just been beaten in a race for Governor. The fact that he's beaten doesn't mean anything; the fact that he is forcing a sleepy and disgusted New Jersey to open its eyes to political shame and ruthlessness is what matters here. There is Butler of Cleveland; there is . . . well, call the roll of the States, and you'll find a man or a group of men in every one of them getting ready to drive the ship of State in a new direction.

Or there's Washington. Regardless of our politics, it is quite apparent that the men of the old oil-ring would be unhappy there. Relief Administrator Hopkins has doled out millions for relief, yet no man yet has dared point the finger of suspicion in his direction, and that's news. No man has ever been deeper in his religious convictions or more earnest and honest in his interest in the peace of the world and the well-being of all peoples than Secretary of State Hull, and no man has ever honored Washington more. And here is a Secretary of Agriculture writing a book to say that he believes we will

never solve our difficulties until we apply to them the principles of the Sermon on the Mount.

Now don't mistake us, and don't you dare misquote us. We are not boosting the New Deal, nor any other Deal save the Christian deal. We are not pushing La Guardia for President nor Clee for Governor nor Butler for Vice-President. We are only saying that something very wholesome is happening here, something that deserves the attention of every Christian in the country, whatever his politics. For there is something higher and better than the victory of a political party for us to aim at: that is, the character of the politician.

Our forefathers aimed at it, and it seems to me they scored some bulls-eyes, too. We can laugh at the Puritan all we want to, call him narrow and bigoted and even cruel. But there is a moral strength to the Puritan that we need in our civic blood right now. When he insisted that the men he elected to office must be religious men, he had something. You'll find less chance of graft in the church than you will in City Hall. What we must do is to get the ideal of the sacred place transplanted into the secular. I say the ideal: not the form.

Grover Cleveland aimed at it when he said, "Public office is a public trust!" He said that in a day when we had come a long, long way down the road from the Puritan; we had then and we have now a democracy he never believed in. And in spite of the political crime that drove Cleveland to say that, and that hovers over us yet today, it is still a good democracy. At its worst it is better than the best dictatorship.

I HAVE put my foot down in every continent and in most of the nations, and I have never yet found a nation I'd rather live in than my own. I have yet to find another country where they could put on a play like "I'd Rather Be Right." I have yet to find another nation where men can mount a soap-box and say the things they say in Union Square, unless possibly it be Hyde Park in England. I know of no other nation where there is so much freedom, where the very word is taken so seriously as it is here. If I knew of such a nation, I'd go there, quick. But I'm still here and I expect to remain here for some time.

But I do not believe that such a nation as mine, or such a government, can last without watchdogs. I believe with Lincoln Steffens that graft is as much in our blood as malaria, and that it will be with us as long as there is blood. But I also believe that the Christian conscience of this country is the most deadly watchdog we have in guarding against it. The fall of Tammany proves it. It proves that there are still enough people in this country who believe that public office is a public trust to get out and change things, if they want to.

It is as much a public trust for the voter as it is for the man the voter votes in. We simply cannot have a decent democracy with the politician wide awake and the voters half asleep. Or without that Christian conscience. Democracy cannot exist without religion. Look around you. Look at the nations where democracy is veltian; now he's (Continued on page 51)





King's Ransom of Golden Orange, introduced at the 1937 Flower Show in New York City



An improved type of Guinea Gold, discovered in Burpee's "Sniffing Campaign," to have odorless foliage



Mr. David Burpee, in a field of marigolds at Floradale Farms, in California

# Smelling Out Gold

By Clementine Paddleford

**Q**UEER things were going on at David Burpee's Floradale Farms near Santa Barbara, California, in the summer of 1936. David Burpee had given the order that he wanted every single one of his thirty acres of marigolds smelled. Yes, smelled, and not the flowers, but the leaves.

Manager Bill Hoag said, "You must be crazy, Dave." He said it bluntly, like that. "We have too much work on hand to start any foolishness."

"I know," the boss agreed, "but you get a crew of smellers into the fields today." Manager Hoag was plain annoyed.

"You don't know what you ask," he said. But David Burpee knew all right.

"About 20,000 plants to an acre," he figured on a little pad, "thirty acres aren't there Hoag? That means around 600,000 marigolds to smell. A crew of fifteen fellows can sniff that out in a month, about."

"Or six months," Hoag put in.

Manager Hoag knew what the boss was after, a marigold without that special foliage odor. Yet Bill Hoag couldn't understand. He thought the Burpee farms had written the final chapter on the story of the odorless marigold, with the perfection of the Collarette or Crown of Gold, even then waiting to make its debut in the 1937 Flower Show.

Six years of hard work had gone into the perfection of that flower. First the world wide search for a marigold entirely free of objectionable leaf odor, a barrier that had stood unsurmountably against the marigold's social acceptance as a cut flower for the home. Then just when the search seemed futile that young missionary Carter D. Holton, of Shunwa Kansu, near the Tibetan border in Central China, had sent a handful of black seeds. "Gathered from a wild marigold plant with leaves entirely odorless," his letter explained. "The Chi-

nese call this flower a golden aster and no one knows from whence it came; Tibet perhaps."

We have told the story to *Christian Herald* readers—of the miracle of these seeds that brought about the introduction of a new marigold race. A year ago this month the first fair child was presented to an almost unbelieving world at the National Flower Show in New York City's Grand Central Palace. Its name was Collarette Marigold, Crown of Gold; a flower with a bright crown from two to three inches across and a golden collar with a downward turn. What is more, this "Cinderella" was a gold medal winner in the All-American selections for the best new flower last year.

Crown of Gold was partly the child of Lady Luck. Without too much enthusiasm David Burpee had ordered Missionary Holton's packet of seeds planted for a test. Just one more routine test he figured among the hundreds he had made in his search for a marigold of odorless foliage. Much to his amazement his missionary friend was right—the leaves of those ill kept marigolds didn't show a single oil-filled sac. But the flower itself was nothing to brag about—scraggy, of sickly lemon color, utterly characterless.

Much had to be done if these wild Chinese marigolds were ever to be developed into a popular variety. Hundreds of crosses were promptly made with cultivated marigolds of desirable traits. But many a circling year would be required before a marigold could be perfected with the odorless leaves of the wild, and the beauty of the cultivated. Then luck stepped in!

Sometimes, in plant breeding, nature works more rapidly than man. When that field of wild Chinese marigolds bloomed there was one plant with flowers different

from all the rest. These were early-blooming, they were large and of brilliant orange coloring. A mutation, the flower experts said—a new variety; one of those strange miracles nature can perform when she chooses to try her hand.

But they doubted that heredity would be "fixed;" that the seeds would breed true. But the second generation proved identical with the first. Then began an all-time speed record in producing seeds. Winter and summer the seeds were planted and tended, watched like babies, giving the plant every opportunity to show what was in its blood.

The day David Burpee gave his marigold-smelling order, three acres of these odorless marigold beauties stood, a shining glory under the California sun. Bill Hoag looked toward that field of bloom and shook his head, "That fellow Burpee," he muttered, "is never satisfied. With an odorless marigold ready for the show ring and all by a quirk of fate—now he starts smelling for more. It is enough to make Luck show her spite."

But David Burpee was not counting on luck, he was using common sense. If there is one marigold in the world without odor, even if it came from far away Tibet, he reasoned, there might just possibly be another, and why not right on the Floradale Farm, where thousands of marigolds bloomed in neat rows, his collection of years? Smelling them all seemed a task worth trying. A man might as well dig for gold in his own back yard—so he ordered his crew to the fields.

Fifteen young men made up the army of smellers. Wearing knee guards the boys began the long crawl up and down the marigold rows. But not without rumbles of complaint. A fool notion the Big Boss had sprung on them this time. What next? (Continued on page 66)





Below, a characteristic photo of Miss Earhart in work clothes, and, left, tuning up her plane before her flight



# *The AMELIA EARHART I Knew*

By Janet Mabie

**O**NE still, golden afternoon in late September, I sat in North Hollywood, California, in the patio of the house which Amelia Earhart and her husband, George Palmer Putnam, had barely finished building when she lifted her great winged ship into the skies for her last important flying job, the flight around the world. And, sitting there where a thin, warm wind sifted down into the quiet valley through a pass in the purple mountains that were like a stage backdrop across the adjacent golf course, I studied some notes on sheets of paper spread out on the table before me.

They were letters, and parts of the diary kept by AE on the flight, and sent back from such convenient mailing points as San Juan, Karachi, Dakar, Singapore, Java. Reading them took on a kind of poignancy, there in the house which is so full of AE, her personality, her whole philosophy of life. One paused every once in a while, looking from the things she had set down on paper to the far more intangible but still persistent conviction that, somewhere, she is still safe and well. Or found oneself listening to a step on the sidewalk in front of the house, momentarily persuading oneself that presently AE would be coming in the front door, on moccasined feet silently, like an Indian, saying "Hi!" in her low-pitched, faintly humorous voice, although common sense insists all too clearly that if ever she does return it will not be casually, that way.

All the pages of notes had one quality in common. A curious implication of leisure. That was always true, even of notes AE wrote in a hurry—to judge from the condensations of thought into two or three lines—for they were like her speech and her manner, poised, unhurried, never lacking obvious consideration,

always expressive of coordinated thought, usually brief, yet very much to the point.

A transport plane passed over the house. I thought of sitting up through many nights in New York, listening for bulletins by radio of a search in the Pacific. I thought—how many people had said, indignantly, "She had no business to go. The government has no business to spend such sums, looking for her. It was her risk." I watched the transport plane pass away in a silver smudge over the purple mountains, and I thought that, but for the pioneering of such people as Lindbergh, and AE, and the Wright Brothers, and Wiley Post, there would not be any such thing as air transport today. Each in their time have been called fools. Each has modestly disclaimed that he or she contributed anything important in itself. Yet each most certainly gave something durable to the whole. . . .

Now one among the sheets containing AE's handwriting rose to compel my eye and my thought, with that strange, intangible forcefulness which you sometimes feel being exerted upon you without realizing at the moment quite why.

The twoscore or so words were written in pencil. AE's notes were often written in pencil. She was very apt not to have a fountain pen about her, but she always had a pencil in some pocket; in her beautifully tailored gabardine slacks, in the soft suede wind-breaker, or in the shirt made of parachute silk, which she particularly liked as a material because it was light, and very strong, but it could be laundered with impunity and never lose a certain ivory bloom.

I think the sheet of paper had been torn from a scratch pad, which was always good enough for AE, for she was no finical



person, making a kind of trademark of especially broad or long-lined features. The writing was perfect legible, though all her writing had a kind of precision which made it sometimes not overly easy to read. And this is what was written on the piece of paper which was being turned a little on the table by the end from the press. It was a letter written to Mr. Putnam.

"Please know I am quite aware of the hazards.

"I want to do it because I want to do it. Women must try to do things as men have tried. When they fail, their failure must be but a challenge to others."

Two things struck me about this note.

One was a fundamental philosophy expressed in it. The other was the calm and strength her words represented in it.

The note was written very close to the time of the take-off, a time when there was so much to do, so many things to think of, that only an extraordinarily thoughtful and unobtrusive person could possibly find time to write even such a few lines.

To me it is a graphic illustration of AE's immense, characteristic fairness. She was a very realistic person, and she wrote the note with a kind of cold knowledge. She knew that she might not come through the flight. She knew too that if she did not, that part of the public which likes to make men's personal matters their business, would seize on the outcome, and lay the blame for it severely on AE's husband.

AE expected to make the flight safely, but it was instinctive for her to leave something that would make it clear, if she did not, that the responsibility for the flight and the outcome whatever it was, was being laid.

I have frequently heard it said that she did not want to make the flight, that she was forced into it.

A year ago October 4, she and I drove over the road to Rochester through the gold and russet of a wonderful autumn day. I had not seen her for a couple of months, and she said,

"I've begun to get ready for a flight around the world. It means a lot of work but I want to do it. I always wanted to fly around the world. When I have done it, then I can be satisfied to give up distance flying."

She did not add that women must try to do things as men have tried. . . . but it was in the back of her mind I know, and that belief was part of her reason when she said, "I am going just because I want to."

I think one can never live through contact with such a definite and challenging personality as AE, and emerge from it with an absolutely clear-cut impression to be appraised in so many words.



But as I look back on having spent considerable time with her under more than ordinarily usual circumstances, I see that, even if she does not come back, she will have left a very perceptible influence on many many lives. When I chanced to be with her in public places, where people were gathered to see and to hear her speak, I used to watch people as they watched and listened to her, to see how they were affected by her. I saw little boys and girls square their shoulders and their wills to "be like her" when they grew up. It was evident, not just in the way that they clamored for her autographs, and went away as if she had given them something priceless; it was in the look in their eyes as they lingered, watching her, when her attention had turned from them to others.

I saw boys and girls in college watch her while she told how

she earned the money to pay for her own flying lessons, and there was something in their faces which said, "I can do what she has done. And somehow I will."

I flew down to Bangor with her one day, and I stayed behind in the ship to write a telegram while she went and stood up on a barrel on a field office platform to speak to people who had turned out to welcome her. And suddenly I knew someone was looking in at the door of the cabin, and I looked around, and it was a very little, very old lady. And she said gaily, "Don't mind me, I'm just around. I'm saving the time of my life. I'm sixty-three years old. I have sixty miles away. I made the neighbors say drive me down here today so I could see Miss Earhart and her airplane. I'll tell you something else. All my children are long since grown up; they don't need me any more. I made up my mind if Miss Earhart can go flying around so can I, and I come down here today to look at this airplane because some day I'm going to have me a ride in one just like it."

It was people like the little boys and girls, and the young-women in college, and the little old lady who convinced me that, far beyond the degree ever realized by AE herself, she left an influence on an incalculable number of lives. The person she was, and the things she would for made people a little stronger, gave them a little greater courage, a little more definiteness to their aspirations, lifted their eyes to horizons a little higher than they had been able to see before.

I am going to assume the privilege of interjecting something just here for those who have been distressed, as I have myself, by numberless and insistent stories that have cropped up since July to the effect that Miss Earhart was going to get a divorce when she had finished the flight.

I am in a position to know that she was not. Any number of facts could be produced to back up that statement, but I would rather just say what I know to be true, without elaboration. She took off on her flight around the world, looking



Left, the attractive house at North Hollywood, California, which Amelia Earhart and her husband had barely finished when she started on her last flight. Above, the living room

eagerly to the day when she would get home again, settle down with her husband in the house they built together, and make it a base for all the interesting and useful jobs she had been storing up for the days when she would have got all the long, complicated flights out of her system. In a way she looked on those special flights as markers which she had set for herself. They were a challenge to her experience and powers, but they were a phase, and she was anxious to meet them, and go on to something as new and as challenging.

One other point about the life that had been planned for the house I think will be of particular interest to *Christian Herald* readers, who already know something of AE's attitude toward liquor, and drinking.

When she and Mr. Putnam were building the house, they decided between them that, although neither of them drank, neither did they want the house to be turned by social custom into just one more bar along the Hollywood social highway, as so many houses in Hollywood have a way of being. So





DRAWING BY HARRY STONER  
COURTESY 'THIS WEEK'

# Rain

BY AMELIA EARHART

**R**AIN slants against the land. Horizontally, distant views are blotted out; vertically, clouds drop to shroud the shoulders of tall city buildings. How many of the throng on the street beneath my window give a thought to the relative nearness of sunlight above them?

I have just called the airport weather bureau, so I know if I fly upward for only three thousand feet my plane will emerge over a billowy, sunlit sea of clouds stretching away into blue infinity.

Sometimes the climb is greater—sometimes the airplane cannot top the towering formation of a storm. But no matter whether separated by ice or rain or cold gray mist, the pilot knows the wall-card motto is meteorologically true, "Behind the clouds the sun's still shining."

Now and again it illumines mystic caves and rearing fortresses, or shows giant cloud creatures mocking with lumpy paws the tiny man-made bird among them. But the airman's pleasantest sight is probably glimpses of the earth through openings in a cloudy floor beneath his wings. Town and country, lake and meadow, the immobile sea—vivid are these earthly scenes when framed by clouds.

*(This lovely essay was written just before she started on her flight around the world. It is one of the last things she ever wrote.)*



they agreed that they would eliminate any such possibility by the simple expedient of never having any liquor in the house. They never found that the fact of not being able to get a drink there kept any of their guests away.

While I was staying in the house, Mr. Putnam was doing what still needed to be done, to make ready the book AE had begun and carried so far toward actual completion. She had done a lot of the outline before she took off. Then she had sent back pages from her diary, and the ship's log from every stopping place. In addition to that, of course, there were her personal letters. Not all of their contents were to go into the book, but she had a flair for writing letters, in the way that she could intersperse routine fact with little cameo observations, and so parts of her letters naturally lent themselves to inclusion in the book manuscript.

It is a strange and shaking experience to understand that a person has been lost, and to have no proof. To know that there may be no proof for a very long time, or ever. It is hard to say whether the uncertainty makes it easier to keep on hoping, or more difficult.

We used to sit there in the long living room at night, when darkness had come hurrying down the mountains and closed us in, and the stars shone bright in the cold dark arch of the sky; and find ourselves uncannily saying "When Amelia comes back. . . ." In our hearts we swung like needles on airplane instruments between believing that, by some miracle, she would come back; and knowing that, according to all the laws of probability, she would never come back. But somehow the aliveness that she had naturally instilled into the house—even though supervising the finishing of it, and the moving into it of the furniture were sandwiched in between long hours at the airport, working with engineers and mechanics and technical advisers—always hung there like a presence, making it seem so certain that of course she would be back; making it something you had to think about twice, to realize that there might not, on the contrary, ever be even an answer to the riddle of what actually happened out there in the South Seas, on that night at the beginning of July.

Now and again there was a kind of bittersweet comfort in trying to think what AE's own attitude would be. She had a warm heart, rich sympathies, great sensitiveness and understanding, but above and beyond all those qualities was her great intrinsic modesty; and her sense of proportion as to her own importance would never allow her to tolerate the idea that people should lament over her.

She always knew that one day she might crack up. She had no talent for living absolutely safely. She was perfectly clear-eyed and matter of fact about it. It seems to me that I have been told she once said, "When I go, I want it to be quickly. In my ship." But she did not say it to me, and I may not have it quite accurately. Yet I did know her well enough to know now that, if it could ever be right for a person to choose her way of leaving this world, her choice would be to go, on wings, into tomorrow, without warning. For she was that kind of person. In swashbuckling days they used to call it dying with your boots on.

I don't think AE was afraid of anything. Not of anything at all.

It will be remembered that in mid-March she took off for Honolulu, on the first leg of the round the world flight. She was weather-bound at Honolulu for two days. In the latter hours before attempting to shove off for Howland, she wrote a note to her husband. She was anxious to be off, but still she was not shooting at any record. "I really want to progress as safely and as sanely as day-to-day conditions make possible, give myself and the Electra the experience of seeing what we can of this very interesting world at its waistline, and, with good fortune, get back with plane and pilot, all in one piece." That little last phrase was her uncomplicated joking.

A few hours later, with 900 gallons aboard, the Electra stood at the top of a new 3000-foot runway on Luke Field, ready for the take-off. The first gray light of day was seeping down over the eastern hills upon Pearl Harbor. . . . Before the ship was fairly down the runway AE thought the take-off was really over, the ship behaved so smoothly. . . . And then something went wrong. And in ten seconds the ship, instead of cleaving the air, was a broken thing, lying askew on the runway. . . .

The story is too well known to need repeating. But the point I want to make is this point about AE being unafraid.

The accident on Luke Field runway was just such an accident as the one in which De Pinedo the Italian flier was burned to death at Bennett Field, Long Island.

In the split instant AE's ship slewed and began to careen she cut the switches, as any expert pilot *(Continued on page 61)*





DR. STAFFORD

## NEW LAMPS *For* OLD LANTERNS

*This, the tenth in our remarkably successful series of candid camera sketches of American ministers, is an interview with Dr. Russell Henry Stafford, pastor of historic Old South Church in Boston*

By  
Helen Welshimer

**W**HEN a Congregational minister receives a call to the Old South Church he accepts, for Boston is the metropolis of Congregationalism. He could no more refuse its historic pulpit than a bishop could reject a cardinalate. It is a high honor and always it comes unsought.

One night, ten years ago, a young minister boarded an East-bound train at St. Louis, Missouri. He had been born in Wisconsin, reared in Minnesota and, graduated from its University, and all his pastorates had been in that state until he came to St. Louis. Now, at thirty-seven, Dr. Russell Henry Stafford was on his way to Boston to occupy the distinguished ministerial position which the late Dr. George Angier Gordon had held since 1884. From the unfolding vigor of the plains he was traveling to the place where

tourists keep a tryst with a nation's birth.

As the train swung East, the minister opened a mental history book. He recalled the importance of the Old South Church in the American pageant. It had been established in 1669. Thomas Thatcher, its first minister, had written the earliest medical treatises in this country. Here, too, in 1706 Benjamin Franklin had been baptized. Through the early days of the American Revolution the church had served as the most famous meeting house in Boston. Here the colonists had gathered to stir up agitation against the tyrannical rule of the king; here the Boston Tea Party had been planned.

In the old meeting house down town, built in 1730 and occupied until 1875, and now an historical museum, the British once quartered their cavalry, putting earth on the floor to provide footing for the horses, burning the pews to keep the soldiers warm. Long ago the church was named "The Sanctuary of Peace."

So Dr. Stafford came to Boston. With the impetuous blood of his pioneer Northwest he wanted to do things. At once. But where he had a vision, the church had a memory. Two hundred and sixty years old, and until one hundred years ago one of the established churches of the

Commonwealth, it was guided by its traditions.

The church never had been known to ask for money when Dr. Stafford began his ministry. Sixteen times a year the offering plates were passed for donations to special causes—that was all. The church depended upon an annual income of \$75,000 from a property which had been bequeathed to it in 1677, to support its own work and assist five other Congregational churches in Massachusetts which could not exist without this help.

It was two years before Dr. Stafford could induce his congregation to pass the offering plates regularly.

Back in 1927, there were few people under the age of forty in the church. While they welcomed new members, it was considered a breach of religious etiquette to ask a man or woman to join. Here was another hurdle for the new minister.

There were 1,000 names on the church roll, but the lists of workers and regular attendants were kept by a private member. The church had no paid secretary. The only telephone stood on the sexton's desk, and the church school was a fifth wheel.

Today, there are still not many more than 1,000 members on the roll. But the people know one another—something they





He works in his study every day from 9 to 11:45, preparing his sermons and attending to routine tasks



The two thousand books in his study are for use, and he uses them constantly



"A church must be more than a preaching station—it should be beautiful and useful"

didn't before—and come together for dinners and social hours. Eight paid assistants compose Dr. Stafford's staff of helpers. A well-equipped, beautifully furnished Parish House is a pivot of weekly activities.

During the ten years of his pastorate Dr. Stafford has installed the Every Member canvass, and led in the raising of approximately \$700,000 for the erection of the Parish House connecting with the church and for other property improvements.

If he has taught the famous church the value of business technique in the administration of its affairs, the grave old city has taught him much, Dr. Stafford says.

"Until I came to Boston I had been inclined to over-emphasize the intellectual side of religion in my preaching," he reminisces. "One day a splendid woman in my congregation suggested that I open each sermon with a story. 'That will get the attention,' she said. I followed the practise. It worked. After awhile I no longer needed the stories."

He is an expository preacher, this man

whose dynamic driving force has converted an historical shrine into a religious workshop. He is simple, kindly, democratic and oddly enough, a famous scholar. The seclusion of his study and the wideness of the pastoral field share equally in his enthusiasm.

It took a solid rock of endeavor—solid as the rock where the forefathers of many of the Old South Church parishioners unloaded their consecrated boats—to bring about the rejuvenation of the church organization.

Most little boys have periods when they want to be policemen, baseball players, or candy merchants. Russell Henry Stafford always wanted to preach. He had a grandfather whom he greatly admired. John Russell of Michigan was a Methodist minister in the Detroit conference. When his grandson knew him, he had retired and founded the National Prohibition Party. "A hard-minded man," this grandson calls him. He did not have a sentimental approach to religion. From him Dr. Stafford inherited his appreciation of straight, forthright preaching, with no scalloping of

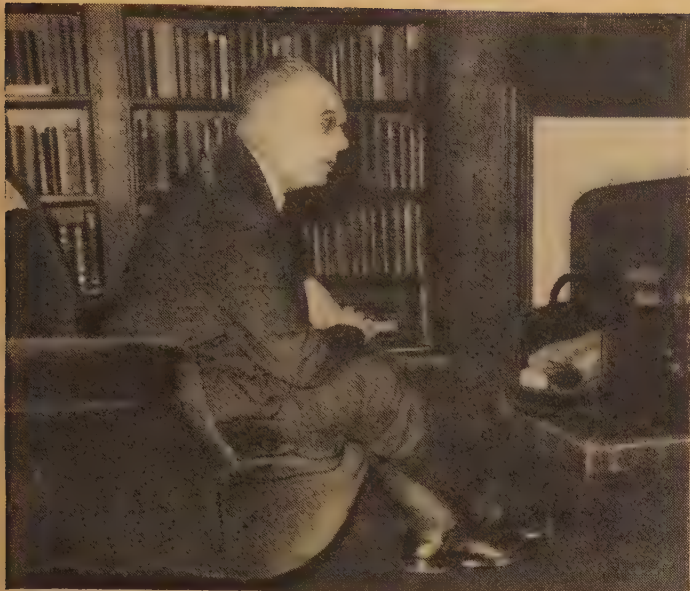
the edges to confuse the simplicity of the pattern. He learned that Heaven is a surety, and it is a minister's duty to challenge his people to adopt a program of Christian righteousness.

"Religion, for me, means being a Christian in all the experiences of life, not just in being 'sanctified,'" he explains. "Some people have accused me of not being 'pious-minded' because I do not take a sentimental approach. I won't preach specifically on the Social Gospel. That is for men who won't think the Bible through. But I never preach a sermon without the social note. I give my people a challenge to do something instead of everlastingly assuring them of Heaven. I am so sure that Heaven is there, and they should be so certain of it, that there is no need of constantly informing them of the fact."

Dr. Stafford's grandfather, who died at ninety, lived long enough to see the grandchild who was his Timothy, on his way to Drew Theological Seminary to study for the ministry.

You receive a conviction of his definite, unflinching belief as you talk to the minis-





There are deep chairs, facing a wood-burning fireplace, with logs always ready for the match



All day Monday he remains in the library of his home, the church-owned parsonage at Brookline

ter who came from the West to Boston. He is enjoying life immensely. He has a keen sense of humor, turns a comment or phrase with refreshing humor, but is as considerate and helpful as any pastor when the troubled come. A business man, scholar, minister as the occasion arises.

But to get back to the little boy who told his grandfather that he wanted to be a preacher, too, when he grew up. He was born in a suburb of Milwaukee on April 4, 1890. His parents, Charles Mason Stafford and Jennie Russell Stafford, moved to Minneapolis a little later where his father is still a lumberman. Here the family had a comfortable home, filled with music, books, friends and laughter.

"I was inclined to be a pious young man," the renowned clergyman observes with twinkling eyes. "But I'm not a pious middle-aged man! I was reared in the Methodist church at Minneapolis, where I attended the Epworth League. Most of the girls in the society were ten years older than I was, maybe twenty, but I thought it was my duty to escort one of them home after every service. My father insisted that it wasn't necessary and I thought it wasn't very gentlemanly of him."

(Pious, for the sake of clarity, has nothing to do with reverence in this case!)

There was one girl in whom the boy had an interest that did not relate to religious consecration. Her name was Lillian Mae Crist and she, too, had spent her life in Minnesota. The boy and girl went through high school together. Then she went to Europe to study piano and organ for several years.

Meantime, the lad who carried her books home because it was a joy, not a duty, studied at the University of California, received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Minnesota in 1912, his Master's from New York University in 1915, and his Bachelor of Divinity from Drew Theological Seminary that same year. He was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1914.

In college his chief interest lay in books. Too near-sighted to go in for athletics, he became a bookworm who browsed where he pleased, skipped boring courses, and never worked for grades. "As a boy he had

been one of the original South Sea fans. By twelve there wasn't a book in the Minneapolis public library on Hawaii and points south that he hadn't read. Now a maturer interest in history and philosophy developed.

Meantime he was a Delta Upsilon, lived at the house, and knew about everything that took place on the campus without making any effort to participate.

An unbounded interest in Greek was a development of his student years, his most valuable work in the language taking place at the University of California. Today Dr. Stafford reads Greek prose easily and rapidly. He devotes a little time every day to its pursuit. He completed a Hebrew minor in college and a Hebrew major in the seminary and occasionally reads in this language, too.

After what he calls his "internship" of three years with the late Dr. Samuel Parkes Cadman in Brooklyn, Dr. Stafford entered on his first pastorate at the Open Door Congregational Church in Minnesota. Oddly enough, before the Boston ministry, his pastorate ran in four-years cycles—four years with the First Congregational Church at Minneapolis and then four with the Pilgrim Congregational Church in St. Louis.

The ministries, though, were punctuated by two events. Dr. Stafford joined the army and also got married. When America went into the world conflict in 1918, he did his best to enlist in the active military division but his sight prevented. Finally he obtained an appointment as chaplain and was placed in charge of all chaplains at Little Rock, Arkansas. From there he returned to Minneapolis, this time as minister of the First Congregational church.

Miss Crist, now an eminent organist, had returned from abroad and was organist at a local church. She and Dr. Stafford were married on April 23, 1921.

The minister's first pastorate at the Open Door Church was devoted to organizing the Hartwell Chapel from a Sunday School into a church. The organization then took the name and property of a church in another section of the city which, to quote Dr. Stafford, "had gone out of business."

When he went to the First Congrega-

tional Church he found that his audience contained many University people. Little pastoral work ever had been done in the church. Since he likes people, he called on the members of the congregation. He raised the church membership from 350 to more than 700 during his pastorate, installed the Every Member canvass, and tripled both the church income and the number of givers. Out of the experiences gathered in this ministry, he wrote his book: "Finding God."

Dr. Stafford likes to discuss a topic against a scriptural background. He does no headline preaching, but tries to talk in the current idiom on the great themes of faith. He is in his pulpit every Sunday morning, and again on Wednesday evening when the midweek service is held in the Chapel. His sermons average from thirty to thirty-five minutes. The Sunday morning message is broadcast. Sunday afternoon Dr. Stafford is often a listener while his associate pastor preaches at the half-past four o'clock vesper service. A regular church attendance of 500 may be depended upon from the 750 resident church members. Another 250 people are on the non-resident list.

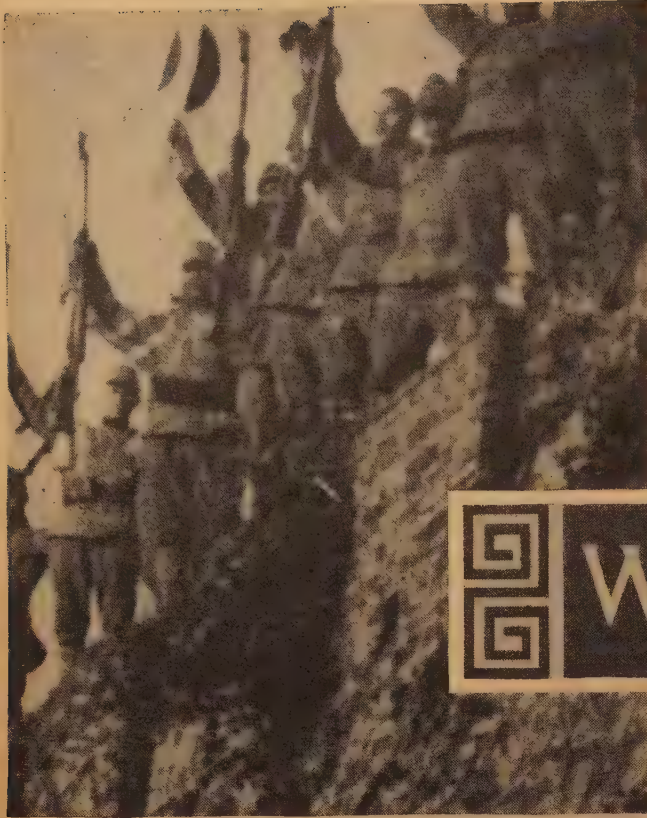
Dr. Stafford's day begins at 7:15, when he rises, exercises, and breakfasts. By five minutes after nine he is in his study at the church. Here he writes, prepares his sermons, and attends to routine administrative tasks until 11:45 when he is open for conferences. These conferences, committee meetings, pastoral calls and outside speaking engagements occupy the rest of the day. All day Monday he remains in his study at home, in a church-owned parsonage at Brookline, studying. Evenings not devoted to church activities are spent in the same manner.

"The church owns two parsonages, one for the minister and one for his associate," Dr. Stafford will inform you. "I think it is best for a minister to live apart from his church for it saves his energy. Dearly as you love the people you serve, too much strength is given out when you are with them constantly."

Last year Dr. Stafford received more than 300 callers in his study, and in turn,

(Continued on page 62)





Triumphant Japanese celebrating victory

Wide World



A victorious Japanese soldier

Wide World

## WHAT DOES JAPAN

By **A. WALDIE HOLROYD**



IN DISCUSSING the conflict between Japan and China, let us first visualize a map of the Far East.

The Japanese Empire forms a broken chain of islands along the eastern coast of Asia, from within fifty miles of the American-owned Aleutian Islands off Alaska, to within an hour's airplane journey from the American-owned Philippines.

Here live seventy million people, with a rapidly growing population, building a great industrial civilization on volcanic islands poor in natural resources and in growing need of accessible markets for her goods, to provide a livelihood for her people.

On the mainland, in East Central Asia, is China, with her vast population of 450 millions, just emerging from the old world into the new. It should be remembered that we, in the west, underwent one revolution at a time, while in China a whole set of revolutions have been going on at the same time—a political, a social, and an industrial revolution,—compressed into the span of one or two generations. China has made phenomenal progress in the past ten years, and today desires above everything else to be left alone to develop her country as she wishes. And here is the crux of the problem in the Far East. China has what Japan needs—land, natural resources, markets. If China were to continue the development of her own resources—to expand her own industries—and supply the needs of her own people, Japan feared that her own future would be in jeopardy.

Today the military forces of the Jap-

anese Empire occupy Nanking, the Capital of China; they are in control of Shanghai, China's chief port, and they have set up a Japanese-dominated regime in the north over five of China's richest provinces. We can only note here that this occupation has been made at a colossal loss of life, of property and of trade. The papers have been filled with horrible samples of the suffering and brutality that has shadowed this holocaust—so that a further recital is out of place here.

We are concerned with four questions.

I. What are the causes behind this struggle?

II. Just what does Japan want?

III. What is America's stake in the Far East?

IV. What are Japan's chances for success?

What Are the Causes Behind the Struggle?

Two isolated incidents gave rise to the immediate trouble. Early in July a detachment of Japanese troops were on night maneuvers outside the city of Peiping, at a time and at a place forbidden for such purposes. The detachment came into contact with a Chinese unit, resulting in the exchange of shots and injury to soldiers on both sides. The Japanese insisted that the incident be settled locally by local authorities; the national government insisted it was a matter of national import and when they sent representatives to negotiate, the Japanese refused to consider reconciliation. The other incident that ignited the fuse occurred in Shanghai when a Japanese officer and marine, riding a motor cycle, attempted to enter the Chinese army airdrome outside the city. The incident resulted in the fatal shooting of the Japanese. Although the Japanese officers gave assurance that the matter could and would be settled by ne-

gotiations, they immediately began to push their military preparations and sent twenty-eight men-of-war up the Whangpoo River to the Shanghai Bund. At the same time, a field adjacent to the International Settlement was leased by the Japanese Government and concrete emplacements were constructed for mounting anti-aircraft guns.

These, however, were incidents and were in no sense the real cause of the present conflict. Since the outbreak of hostilities, we have witnessed more serious incidents than these between Great Britain and Japan and between the United States and Japan, and yet both countries have managed to keep out of war. For the more basic causes of Japanese aggression in China, we must look elsewhere.

In the Japanese elections of 1936, the military party received a terrific set back. The Seiyukai, or military party, lost 129 seats in the House of Representatives (forty-three per cent of the seats held by them in 1932), while the people of Japan elected to the House a corresponding number of liberals who had stood for a more tolerant and liberal foreign policy. These liberal leaders became more and more courageous both in their public utterances and in their addresses in the Diet. Some of the leaders, especially Saito, Hamada, and Ozaki, directly criticized the military clique, arousing tremendous approval from the masses. The military party attempted to retaliate in February, 1936, by assassinating liberal members of the cabinet. This resulted in more bitterness toward army leaders. They were soon to realize that their lost prestige and leadership could only be recovered in the face of a great national crisis that would threaten the very life of the Empire. To meet such an emergency, the Japanese constitution places supreme





The above map shows the area in which the undeclared war is being waged. Shaded portions indicate the territory now occupied by the Japanese

power in three men, the Minister of Navy, Minister of Army, and the Chief of Staff, who may override the Diet and the Cabinet, and place industry, trade and finance under their dictatorship.

It was not strange, therefore, that as these leaders looked across the Yellow Sea, they discovered that Communism in China was threatening the very existence of the Japanese Empire, unless drastic action was quickly taken. The Army played up the danger of Chinese Communism very much as the Hearst papers played up the danger of the 'yellow peril' in our own country not so many years ago. They pointed to the fact that General Chiang Kai Chek had been kidnaped by the Communists and subsequently freed, indicating that an understanding had been affected between the Communist forces and the Central government. Fear was felt of China's growing military strength unless she quickly be curtailed.

These were some of the more obvious reasons why China found it impossible to mediate the incidents at the Marco Polo bridge in Peiping and at the airdrome in

Shanghai. Japan did not have the desire nor the will to mediate.

But there are other deep-rooted causes based on economic need that have in them seeds of conflict and are constantly pressing for a solution. One of these is population pressure in Japan. The Japanese population is increasing at more than 1,000,000 a year, and is one of the chief causes of concern of her leaders. This is all the more serious because the Japanese are poor colonists. This is shown by the fact that only a few thousand Japanese peasants have gone into Manchuria as colonists during the past six years while the Chinese had been pouring into Manchuria at the rate of almost 1,000,000 a year.

The crucial point of the population problem is in the fact that the number of children is large in comparison with the whole population. An increase of 10,000,000 persons trying to seek employment in the next twenty years is to be expected.

Most of the land in Japan is mountainous, leaving about ten per cent which can be cultivated. The number of Japanese, therefore, who must live off each square mile of cultivated land, is 2774.

These two factors force Japan in the first place to look elsewhere for food supply for her people and in the second place, to find gainful occupation for them.

Japan's rapid industrialization has

brought with it scores of perplexing problems. The islands themselves are without great natural resources, especially those of coal and iron. The total amount of iron in Japan proper would supply our blast furnaces only six months. She is seeking to solve the problem of this shortage by acquiring the rich iron mines in north China, in the present conflict. Forty-one per cent of China's ore is in this area and it is her best grade. Japan's coal reserve is 118 tons per capita, compared with 27,501 tons per capita in the United States. She has solved this shortage by the acquisition of Manchuria with its famous Fushan coal fields. In places this vein reaches 420 feet thick and has reached an output of 7,000,000 tons in a single year. Japan's total annual output of oil is only seventy per cent of the output of the United States in a single day. She has not yet found an answer to this shortage.

Imperial ambition, combined with a sense that God had ordained Japan to save the Far East, internal dissension within the Army itself, and its desire to regain lost prestige, the pressure of population, the lack of raw materials, and the need for an accessible market; these are among the more basic causes of the present conflict.

What Does Japan Want?

Japan wants to exercise economic as



well as political hegemony for the whole of China and to build up an economic block in which the resources and markets of China will be geared to the industrial needs of Japan. She wants an unrestricted source of raw material, of iron, coal, wheat, cotton, tobacco. She wants a place for her excess population. She wants to make another Manchukuo out of the five northern provinces of China and to drive a deeper wedge between Soviet Russia and the Chinese Republic. Japan wants to close the 'open door' and to restrict China's trade to Japan alone. She wants to be the sole source of foreign advisers and to supply all foreign capital for the development of whatever of China she is unable to *completely* dominate. China knows full well that the application of foreign capital to the development of resources in China has and always will be carried on with the primary object of making profits for foreigners rather than the building up of a

"First: The direct material damage to our trade which would inevitably be caused; also the less certain, but nevertheless quite possible, jeopardy which in the future course of such a struggle between China and Japan might threaten our own people and their territorial possessions.

"Second: The immense blow to the cause of peace and war prevention throughout the world which would inevitably be caused if, without protest or condemnation Japan were permitted to violate and disregard the group of post-war treaties which she had ratified and upon which so many hopes of our race and of our part of the world had been predicated.

"Third: The incalculable harm which would be done immediately to American prestige in China and ultimately to the material interests of America and her people in that region, if after having for many years assisted by pub-

Japan. Eighteen per cent is with China. Raw silk represents eighty-five per cent of our imports from Japan and it is significant to note that sixty-nine per cent of this silk goes into the manufacture of silk hose. If the women of America wanted to deal a blow to Japanese aggression in China, they could do no better than to wear cotton stockings. The cotton we now send to Japan would go into the silk mills to be turned into acetate and rayon hose. Such a boycott would seriously injure the silk industry in Japan and in addition to cutting off an important source of income, would lead to serious industrial unrest in Japan.

Among other important imports for which we are almost entirely dependent upon the Far East there are tung oil, tea, spices, and certain drugs for medical purposes. We need them, are glad to have them, and they are not competitive goods. On the other hand, we import a large assortment of competitive goods from these two oriental countries, including cotton cloth, rugs, cotton waste, canned clams, lobster, crab meat, tea, dishes, brushes, combs, pencils, hats, rubber foot wear, matches, light bulbs, novelties, etc. It is the importation of these goods that causes the cry among American manufacturers that American industry is being destroyed by the influx of these articles. It is quite true that they are competitive goods and undoubtedly have detrimental effects on certain businesses, but it should also be pointed out that they represent no more than ten per cent of all of our imports from Japan.

What of our *exports* to China and Japan? With the notable exception of cotton growing, no outstanding American industry depends upon the Far Eastern market. In 1934, one-third of our American exports of cotton, or seventeen per cent of our entire cotton crop was purchased by Japan. The export of tobacco to the Far East is still important to the South, as is the export of wheat important to the Pacific West.

What of American investments? We have investments in China amounting to approximately \$200,000,000 and about \$225,000,000 invested in Japan. These investments, consisting for the most part of government paper (stocks and bonds) and investments in property, such as factories, new plantations, commercial corporations and industries. This total investment of \$425,000,000 is less than three per cent of the total foreign investments of the United States. How small this figure really is can best be shown by pointing out that a single oil company, The Royal Dutch Shell Company, valued at \$435,000,000, has a larger stake in the Far East than that of all American investors in China and Japan combined.

The question is often asked, whether our stake in the Far East is worth protecting. It certainly is, from the point of view of those whose livelihood is dependent upon that trade. However, here are the facts: answer the question for yourself: Our total Far Eastern trade, including China, Japan, the Philippines, and South Eastern Asia, in 1935 was \$837,020,000. Our total investments in the same countries in this year were about \$750,000,000. Figuring ten per cent profit on trade and six per cent profit on investment, you have (Continued on page 59)



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This Chinese citizen evidently believes that it is better to be a live Chinese with Japanese sympathies than a dead Chinese with Chinese sympathies—so he hangs out the Nippon flag

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sound and balanced economy within the nation itself.

What Is America's Stake in the Far East?

America's stake in the Far East, is of two kinds. One is a specific interest in American lives, property, and trade. The other is the general interest of all peoples in maintaining peaceful and harmonious international relations.

In his book, "The Far Eastern Crisis," Mr. Stimson, reviewing his administrative policy during the Japanese invasion of China in 1931-32, when he was Secretary of State, describes the possible harm to American interests which he believes to be inherent in that situation. This analysis is even more cogent to the present conflict:

lic and private effort in the education and development of China towards the ideals of modern Christian civilization, and having taken the lead in the movement which secured the covenant of all the great powers, including ourselves, 'to respect her sovereignty, her independence, and her territorial integrity,' we should now cynically abandon her to her fate when this same covenant was violated."

Let us here examine our economic stake in these countries—China and Japan. The United States has built up her investments and trade upon the 'open door' policy in China. During the period 1931-35, our trade and investments in these two countries amounted to slightly more than \$873,000,000. This is a considerable sum and yet we sold more during 1935 to 11,000,000 people in Canada than to the 700,000,000 people in the Far East. Japan is one of our best customers, exceeded only by Canada and England. Forty-two per cent of our Far Eastern trade is with





HIBBS &amp; LODER

# HIGH THOUGHTS

*A Sermon by Russell Henry Stafford*

FOR I SAY . . . TO EVERY MAN . . . NOT TO THINK OF HIMSELF MORE HIGHLY THAN HE OUGHT TO THINK: BUT SO TO THINK AS TO THINK SOBERLY  
—ROMANS 12:3

**T**HE high thoughts here indicated are really low thoughts. If a man is proud of himself, he ought to be ashamed of himself. Conceit turns upon reflection into a source of humiliation. That is one of the paradoxes of moral experience. That it is a truth of experience, no mere dogmatic assertion, will not be denied by anyone who has thought deeply about the issues of life and the tests of behavior. And there are plenty of people in the pews and pulpits of America, no doubt, as there were in the Church at Rome in the first century, to whom this paradox should come as a reminder with at least a hint of rebuke.

Indeed I am inclined to think that the danger of personal conceit is greater in a republic like ours than it can have been in an empire like Rome. For where a strongly defined class system obtains, people can derive whatever support they need for legitimate self-esteem from identification with their own social stratum, high or low. The fact that they belong gives them the backing they need. And, though the evils it causes in other direc-

tions are deplorable, in this regard at least class consciousness is healthy, that there is something impersonal about it. A lord knows that as a lord he is of superior rank to a commoner, but he is protected by that very knowledge from the inclination to pretend that as a man he is a better man. But such class distinctions as we have in America are tenuous and fluid. They are not officially recognized, and they depend everywhere a great deal more upon money than we like to admit. Family and culture do not suffice among us to protect very long the importance of people who lose the means to keep up appearances. We have no titles to remind ourselves and others that even in a garret a baron is still a baron. So, when we feel the need of something to bolster up our self-confidence, we are likely to fall back upon the notion that somehow we are better or finer than our neighbors, in and of ourselves. And if we take that attitude, and give ourselves airs accordingly, the mischief is done.

We live in a day of much amateur psychologizing. Psycho-analysis, in particular,

## CHRIST OF THE CORCOVADO

*This beautiful heroic statue of Christ stands on the famous Sugar Loaf in Rio harbor*

has so captured the public fancy that its jargon echoes in our daily speech. We like to talk of libido and inhibitions and all the rest, whether we understand exactly what they mean or not. And in this matter of self-esteem, plus and minus, we have fallen into the habit of employing such terms. When a man has less self-esteem than he should have, and seems perversely obsessed with a conviction of his own worthlessness, we say that he has an inferiority complex. When it is the other way about, and a man thinks more highly of himself than he ought to think, we do not say, however, that he has a superiority complex. We declare that his vanity is a sign that he is subconsciously over-compensating, for his own reassurance, an inferiority complex which goes so deep that he can get the better of it in no other way than by bluffing himself. That turns the overbearing man into a frightened man whistling to keep up his courage, and takes away our awe or annoyance in his presence.

Now I am not denying that there may be a good deal of truth in that view. If you want to see how well it applies in clearing up the origins of some dreadful world events, read Emil Ludwig's life of William II of Germany, and note how plausibly he traces the Emperor's bombastic militarism to over-compensation for an inferiority complex occasioned by the fact that he was born with a withered arm. Nor am I denying that this is a consoling view to take, when we are struggling against the irritation stimulated by a toplofty pose towards us on the part of people whom we regard as no better than we are, and probably no better than they should be. One knows how to handle what I believe is called "snootiness" in one's neighbors, if one can in turn look down upon them with patronizing pity, explaining to oneself that what is really wrong is that they are psychopathic, and cannot help acting so absurdly.

The question remains whether high-hatting the high hats does much more than to turn the tables, to our own satisfaction; whether it contributes anything to general amenity. There can be no question at all but that reducing high thoughts in the low sense to the terms of a psychosis is a very bad procedure indeed when it is we who have the high thoughts. For a conviction of mental malady is apt to make us feel that there is nothing we can do about it, so we might as well go on acting high and mighty. The only way we can handle a situation like that in our own cases, when, if ever, we wake up to it, is by insisting that our manners lie within the area directly controlled by our wills,—as we know very well that they do—and proceeding to redirect our wills in the light of common sense. But if the prescription will not work for us, it is doubtful for others, too, except in extreme cases. It is probable that most of those who think too highly of themselves are not sick at all; they are just not sensible. (Continued on page 56)



# EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



## THE LOOK ON LINCOLN'S FACE

I REMEMBER a morning long ago when a physician came stumbling in weariness from the sick-chamber of a humble home. For hours he had watched by an infant's crib, challenging death for the life of his friend's son. Now the crisis was passed, and the babe was breathing naturally in deep sleep. As he laid his hand upon the father's shoulder with an affectionate gesture of reassurance, I saw in his face the glory of the divine, that which has made man only a little lower than the angels. I have never forgotten the exaltation of that look. Had it not been "fore-ordained" that I was to be a minister, it would have made me a doctor!

I should have liked to see the look on Lincoln's face when the message came from Grant at Appomattox! Or when he opened the door after he had been in prayer before the battle of Gettysburg; or as he turned from signing a reprieve; or as he sat beside a wounded, homesick soldier; or as he said, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace."

Shakespeare has written, "In the face I see the map of honor, truth, and loyalty." How secure we feel with some people, how uncertain with others; for some there are of whom it is fairly said,

"His face was of that doubtful kind  
That wins the eye, but not the mind."

SOME there are who have the face without a heart; and a few there are whose faces belie their hearts, who are kinder than they look, whose frowning exteriors are prejured testimonies against their souls, who may seem even deliberately to cover gentleness with heavy brows, who call upon frowns to protect them from what they judge to be weakness in smiles and laughter; or perhaps suffering and disillusionment have seared the surface and only a stern thrust can break through the outer harshness into the inner harmony.

Even the pictures of Abraham Lincoln which at the first portray a disheveled head, a necktie and a collar awry, heavy lips, and high cheekbones, have the faculty of becoming, for those who study them, mirrors of immortal thought. Quite as much may be said of the work of the masters in bronze and in stone. The St. Gaudens Lincoln, of Lincoln Park in Chicago, will give a thoughtful man or woman restful communion for hours with the spirits of all the just who have been made perfect in suffering. To stand before the colossal Lincoln of Washington's most recent, and one of the world's most sublime, memorials is worth a journey from the ends of the earth.

And how truly marvelous a thing it is that no two faces are ever exactly alike! Never was there another face like Lincoln's, and artists tell us that never has art come upon a more inspiring countenance than his. But never was there another face like yours; you are you. Many a vast company from whose loins you have come are blended in you, their strength and their weakness. But you are different, distinct from them all. However closely you may resemble some or one of them, *you are you*. Even the left and the right sides of your own face are different. And remember: it is this difference that makes you! This difference is personality. This difference, next to Jesus Christ Himself, is the greatest of all miracles. This difference makes evolution at best a process, and not a first cause. This difference proves God. And

among Americans God has released no more marvelous personality than Abraham Lincoln.

What made the look on Lincoln's face?

Four things supremely: sorrow, love, faith, service; or, stated otherwise, what he believed, what he felt, what he experienced, and what he did. The look on Lincoln's face was the work of two master artists—impression and expression. His soul was from early life a lonely, cloistered chamber. He left his boyhood heart in the grave of his first beloved. There was a time in his experience when reason tottered. There were hours when faith all but failed. But out of his Gethsemane he came, to climb his Calvary with the triumphant cry upon his lips, "I believe!"

And what has that look done? It has illumined the world. There is no darkness of autocratic government anywhere that it does not penetrate. There is no downtrodden people on the earth to whom it does not send a ray of hope. It has for all the races of the oppressed the warmth of brotherhood. It is a deathless torch for freedom. Today only one beacon shines farther—the light of the Cross.

DANIEL A. POLING

*Editor's Note:* The title of this editorial was used some years ago in a sermon by Dr. Poling.



Dr. Daniel A. Poling has resumed his Sunday Afternoon Broadcast. He may be heard at 3 P.M. over station WMCA, New York, (570 Kilocycles), and WIP, Philadelphia, (610 Kilocycles). This Radio Conference is held in the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia and visitors are cordially invited to attend. The program lasts one-half hour, and includes music, a talk by Dr. Poling and questions and answers. Following the broadcast there is a clinical program, in which all with particular problems may meet personally those competent to advise them.



### The Waldenses' Motto

SOMEWHERE about the year 1170 a rich and devout merchant in Lyons, Peter Waldo, struck with the contrast between the simple teaching of Jesus and the religion of the day, sold his goods and gave to the poor. Then he gathered about him a little company of others who did likewise, and who also asserted and exercised the right to preach.

They came to be known as the "Poor Men of Lyons." A common method of these simple teachers was to go out as peddlers, selling trinkets. On their rounds they sought to kindle interest in the Scriptures and gave away little Testaments, for God's word had to be free.

In that way they spread the faith and brought the word of life where none was allowed to possess it. Persecution drove them to the Piedmontese valleys in the Alps and there they long maintained their witness to the simplicity of the Gospel.

Their motto was "Light in Darkness." Wherever darkness reigns, wherever in shadows, cruel wrongs, like slavery, still exist, wherever because of their darkness, people are the prey of horrible superstitions and fears, the Christian task and challenge is to make the light shine in that darkness.

F. C. H.





LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE  
BY DEAN CORNWELL—COURTESY NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

## A Week-End with LINCOLN

By Honoré Morrow

**T**HE autumn that followed the battle of Gettysburg was particularly full of dramatic events, which took place in and around the White House, but of which Mr. Lincoln was more the spectator than the god from the machine. And yet he was much more than spectator, for his was the ultimate authority which set the events in motion. To show what I mean, I have gathered together some typical days, following the battle of battles of Chattanooga and Chickamauga.

On a cold but starlit midnight, John Hay arrived at the Soldier's Home on the outskirts of Washington, where the President had tried to find a night's rest. Hay went at once to Mr. Lincoln's bedroom.

"The Secretary of War wants you to come at once to his office for a conference, sir!" the young man said.

The President sat up in bed, hair disheveled, eyes anxious. "What now, John!" His voice was husky with sleep.

"More news from Tennessee, Mr. Lincoln! It seems that General Rosecrans' defeat was more disastrous than we thought. Rosecrans has legged it for Chattanooga, leaving his army behind him."

"No!" shouted Lincoln, springing out of bed.

"I'm afraid it's true, sir," insisted the young man, dismally. "Secretary Stanton's own words were 'I know why they lost the battle! Rosecrans ran away from his

fighting men and didn't stop for thirteen miles! You can't blame McCook. I'll admit he and Crittenden made pretty good time away from the fight, but Rosecrans beat them both!'"

Lincoln was pulling on his clothes, his face grim. "Stanton never sent for me this way before. Things must be pretty bad. Order my horse for me, John, will you?"

"I did, sir, as I came in. Secretary Stanton doesn't seem scared. He's mad; mad as—as Stanton!"

The President shook his head. The losses had been fearful at Chickamauga. Stanton's excitement had something to do with this, he was sure.

The two men didn't slacken rein until they reached the very steps of the War Office. Seward, the Secretary of State was there and Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, as well as Halleck, The General in Chief of the Army and McCallum, Superintendent of Military Transportation.

Stanton was chewing his beard and pacing the floor. "Rosecrans has got to be reinforced instantly," he shouted at the President. "I need your authority to get these fellows," jerking his head at the others, "to get these fellows to move."

"Burnside will be with him with 12,000 men in less than ten days," said Lincoln, seating himself beside Halleck on the sofa. "No other men can be spared."

"Ten days!" shouted Stanton. "Do you want to lose the whole of Tennessee?"

While Meade sits on his rump beside the Rapidan, refusing to pursue General Lee, we are losing the whole of Rosecrans' army, the Army of the Cumberland. I'll move Meade's troop for him. I'll move 30,000 of them from Virginia to Tennessee, if you'll force these fellows to co-operate." He glared at the distinguished gentlemen seated about his office.

General Halleck gave a feeble squeak of protest and looked appealingly at Lincoln.

"It can't possibly be done, Mr. Stanton," declared Lincoln. "It's a physical impossibility."

"If you help, I can get thirty thousand seasoned troops from the Army of the Potomac over the mountains to Chattanooga, in five days," insisted Stanton.

"You can't get them to Washington in five days," grunted the President.

"Certainly not," agreed Halleck. "Nor to Chattanooga in less than thirty." The others nodded, eyes on the raging Secretary of War.

Stanton turned on McCallum. "If you're given supreme authority and abundant transportation, how long would it take you?"

"Seven days," replied McCallum, "with that proviso."

"Show me the map," said Lincoln.

The railroad man walked to the map, spread on Stanton's desk. The others crowded round him. "With supreme authority," began (Continued on page 54)



# WHITE HORSES

By Helen Welshimer

[ PART III ]

"Life is not fair," Julie remarked, slipping out of a yellow cape that matched the roses in the copper bowl. "Of course not," Martha said sleepily, but her voice had a wistful edge



**What has happened:** Julie Brant and Terry Maxwell are two of the best reporters on the *Star*, a daily newspaper. Terry is sent back to the religious news desk as a punishment for being too independent. He resolves to prove that religion and the churches are real news. He quickly gets the elements of a great story—a skyscraper church is to be built; and from the beginning Terry suspects the people who are promoting it. He makes the acquaintance of Natalie Worthington, daughter of a very wealthy man who poses as a benefactor of the poor. Natalie gets a job on the *Star*, and from the start monopolizes Terry, and Julie thinks he is infatuated with the rich girl. This belief is strengthened when Terry breaks several appointments with Julie in order to attend Natalie's dinners, although he explains that he does so because he is on the track of big news. Julie and Peter Graham, reporter on the struggling evening paper, the *Express*, go at night to write up the going aground of a big liner. She and Peter are the last off the stranded boat, and fire breaks out suddenly, just as a man runs past them with a lighted torch—the ship has been intentionally fired. Peter goes after the story, and secures a confession from the man, that some unknown person had paid him five hundred dollars to fire the boat. Meanwhile Terry, convinced now that a crook is planning to defraud the Tabernacle Church, takes Julie to a meeting of the congregation, called to discuss the new skyscraper. Now go on with the story:

**M**EANTIME, the housing project was commenced. Basil Worthington's check was accepted by the housing board, cashed, and put into the fund. The old buildings were being torn down quickly, and already the new building was under way. Mr. Worthington's picture appeared in two-column spreads and his ideas were quoted widely. Natalie had left the paper. Terry saw her, though. Of that Julie was sure. Occasionally her name came up in conversation. However, Julie talked to Terry infrequently now. She was away from the office, following clues, and Terry

was tied to the religious desk, with nothing more exciting to report than ministerial meetings, Christian Endeavor gatherings, and sermons. She waved to him, sometimes, in passing. He was a soldier, removed from the trenches, set to watch the gates.

In the end, the investigation of the ship company came to nothing. It was not possible to tell who was lying, for the stories of various officials did not coincide. Insisting it was right, the *Express* refused to apologize to the two men whom it had accused. They, in turn, started suit against the paper. If they won, it would

bankrupt the *Express*, drive it out of business. Peter went around, his face thinner, and his eyes worried.

The *Express* found some new material and gave it to the world. Peter brightened a little. Terry, the time or two Julie talked to him about the matter, seemed vague and far away.

"Terry, don't you care about things any more?" she cried.

"What?" He came back. She could almost see him hurrying to meet her. "Sure I do. But I've got something more important of my own to take care of."

"News?"

"Big news!" He spoke with conviction. "Julie, there is nothing worse than a crook taking a church for a ride. I wonder—" He reached for a telephone, and she knew that he had a sudden idea and she might as well be sitting under an apple tree in Ohio, or on a gunboat in the Yangtze River.

Patiently, pluggingly, the *Express* continued its investigation. A Broadway columnist inserted an item that the paper must prove its statement, or lose advertising. Already it was in arrears for many bills. It had not been able to meet salary raises that had been promised. A few people had walked out.

Then, quite suddenly, or so it seemed to Julie, it was a day or two before Christmas. Coming down Fifth Avenue on the bus she noted the shining Christmas trees in front of the churches. Some were filled with red and green bulbs of light. Others shone with a misty, radiant blue alone. When the bus stopped, she could hear carols where the organists rehearsed. Christmas had come and she had done nothing for anyone. She had been too weary to think about it. But it wasn't too late yet—

The stores would be open late tonight, because it was almost Christmas. Martha knew people who needed help. She herself, it developed, had been buying tops,



dolls, mufflers and pork roasts for half a dozen families.

"How about the family of the man who burned the ship?" she asked.

Julie nodded. "Of course!" The man had gone to prison the week before on an arson charge. His wife cleaned offices at night to support her seven small children. The children's picture had appeared in both the *Express*, the *Star* and other daily papers during the trial. Plainly the man was telling the truth when he insisted that he didn't know who had hired him. His vacuous eyes led to the ending of the probing and the pronouncing of sentence.

Peter's paper was still on the trail of the case. The *Star* was letting up a little. "Maybe we'll get a story," Julie predicted. "Still, if the man told the truth to us, his wife can't have any more information. Men usually tell their wives everything, don't they, Martha?"

They bought lavishly—drums, warm mittens and stockings, candy canes and gumdrops, a ham, two chickens, vegetables,

"Who sent it?" Julie asked briefly.

"The card—there is not one," the woman answered. "It came in a big black car—the car of a store, the people said."

Martha was examining the name on the boxes and packages. "You're being banqueted with the rich. Some unseen Santa Claus read about you, and wants to be kind. Can we help fill stockings?"

"This, too, it come in the mail," the woman talked on, eager to confide. "So much money we shall be rich, rich!" She extended a packet of bills, tens and fives. "And there is no name."

All the way back, Julie was thinking. Maybe a kindly person had been the donor to the poor family; but there was a chance that someone tried to right a wrong, in same small part, had sent the gifts. She would call the shop from which the gifts had come and see if there had been a name or the donor was known. In the mail box of the apartment, when the girls reached home, they found an envelope.

dark girl exclaimed. "And Briggs is going to be disappointed. Anyway, maybe I won't be here, either. I have some errands."

Julie answered cheerfully. "All right, honey. Just leave a note for him. See you later!"

She went into the corner drugstore, back to the telephone, and dialed the *Star* number.

"Terry Maxwell, please," she told the deskman who took her call.

Fortunately Terry was still in the office of the *Star*. He was finishing his work, he said; she had caught him just in time; he was going with Natalie to deliver some Christmas baskets. . . .

"Oh yes," Julie answered dully. Natalie's picture, arms filled with bundles, had been part of a Christmas layout that the paper had used that day. Natalie's face, eager-eyed and laughing, had looked out of page two on every newspaper.

But Terry seemed in no hurry to end



and a soft red velvet rose and some sheer chiffon hose for the mother of the children. "Because it isn't Christmas without a luxury," Julie insisted.

Julie found another book that Peter would like, and a thin silver vanity case to slip into Martha's stocking.

It wasn't until the next night that they took the baskets to the family. Snow crunched under their feet. Anywhere you listened there was laughter, the peal of a carol, or the roll of an organ.

There were festive greens already in the small, crowded rooms, and an array of food and toys that made the two girls pause.

Thus, she had an evening with Terry, an old-fashioned, comfortable, friendly, companionable evening, when rain beat on the windows of the restaurant

*Illustrator*  
**LAWRENCE DRESSER**

Briggs Burns, dropping by, had left it. "I'll be back at ten," he had written. "Don't go away."

"You'll have to entertain him," Julie told Martha. "I'll come as soon as I can. I have to telephone—maybe go back to the office."

"But it's Christmas Eve!" The slim,

the call. He listened gravely while Julie told him what she had observed at the home of the man who had fired the ship, and asked a quick question now and then.

When she had finished, he said: "Julie, it may mean nothing but there's a chance a benefactor may have got caught in his own kindly stunt. The chief's gone—driving to Long Island—but he'll be at his house around eleven. I'll get him then. Keep this under your hat until I call you back. You may be needed later."

"Yes, Terry."

There was more but she did not hear it. Suddenly the world was narrowed to a telephone booth, in a corner drugstore,



with Terry's voice telling her that he and Natalie were going into the snowy streets, under the stars and the Neon signs and the speckled bulbs of the ordinary electric banners, and carry baskets to people. She wanted to cry. She hadn't wanted to for a long, long time. What did it matter that you had your name on important stories, on one of the city's biggest papers, if you had to spend Christmas Eve, in a telephone booth, talking about business to a tall young man, with rough-edged hair, who had a girl named Natalie—Natalie. . .

She heard Terry saying: "Julie, hey, Julie, are you still there?" But she was afraid to push her voice past that lump in her throat, so she quietly replaced the receiver. She would not go home, she decided. Briggs would be coming, and would have others with him, perhaps. He would want everyone to come back up town and be gay. Martha would explain that she, Julie, was at work. Martha wouldn't go on her errands—yet Martha had felt sorry for Peter. Maybe she should wish Peter a Merry Christmas.

She dropped in another nickel. Peter couldn't come to the phone, she was told. She understood why. They were short-staffed on the *Express*. He was busy with advance copy. That was just as well.

Across from the drugstore, people were going into the small, grey-stone church, and she followed them. There was an odor of spruce and evergreen; an air of reverence touched with joy. The vested choir was singing carols, high and clear and golden. She closed her eyes. The peace, as still and white as the snowflakes falling in the street, spread across the pews, and became a great soft cushion into which she sank. She did not know when the benediction was pronounced and the choir caroled higher and more gloriously because the Christ Child had been born in a stable at Bethlehem. She didn't waken until the church was dark and empty.

The small watch on her wrist was visible in the dim light of the vestibule. It was twelve o'clock. She tried the outer door. It was locked securely. She tried the side door. It did not give. No one had noticed her, asleep in her corner. She had been locked in. Well, there was nothing to do but stay there. Martha might think she was on an all-night assignment. Still, she would think it strange no call came. And Briggs would shake his dark head, wish Martha a Merry Christmas, and go home. Terry—it didn't matter. He was some place with Natalie—

So she came back to the long, last pew, curled up on the cushioned seat, and went to sleep. Once, a long time before, when her small brother had had scarlet fever, she and her sister and father had slept on cots in the church because there was no money for hotel bills, and the people of the congregation, hardworking and closely quartered, had no extra rooms. Her father had stayed in his study. She and her sister had been in the choir room adjoining. . . . She felt secure and protected.

But no one came to open the church next morning, and Julie, weary from days and weeks of constant strain, did not waken until noon. For a few seconds she wondered where she was and why. Her eyes were gazing straight up at a painted ceiling where cherubim and seraphim flew back and forth. Then she remembered.

She felt hungry, and her face felt dirty. This was Christmas! She hunted until she found a small rest room where she could wash her face and hands, powder her nose, and comb out the tangle of chestnut curls. Her eyes were sparkling again—she had not realized before how weary she was—and she wanted to be out, moving, accomplishing, helping it to be Christmas. She hunted for an exit. Every door was locked. She stood on tiptoe to look out of a window and found that her inches were not adequate. She opened a door and clapped her hands. A telephone stood on a desk. Quickly she dialed her home number. There was no answer. She hung up and dialed again. This time she called Briggs. Again no answer, just the insistent pealing of a bell in an empty apartment. The office—

"The *Star*," the switch-board operator's

## Quiet Hour

I have a little inner shrine  
Where I take me every day,  
To hide away for just a while  
From life and work and play.  
There, from a living fount I draw  
Of deep and boundless love,  
To come away refreshed and filled  
With strength from God above.

By

DORIS WOOD



voice sang back.

"Patsy! What's the office doing, opened on Christmas?" she asked.

"Julie Brent! Where are you?" The words were a single gasp as they came across the wire.

"In church. I fell asleep and got locked in and—"

"Hold everything! The Marines are looking for you. You've scared the staff to—Here, the city editor's on."

"You're safe?" he bellowed into the phone. "Who kidnaped you?"

"Nobody. But why?"

"Haven't you seen the extra this morning?"

"No, I've been asleep in a church—" It was getting funny. She would start to laugh in a second, and when she did she didn't know when she would be able to stop.

"Then get out of that church and get down here. Quick!"

He hung up. She dialed again.

"Patsy, I can't get out. I'm locked in. And I don't know the sexton's name and number." She gave the address of the church.

"We'll get the fire department," Patsy sang back.

It wasn't the fire department that came. It was a police car and Terry. They had a key that opened the door and in half

a second Julie was in the car, speeding up the avenue.

"Get a load of this, Miss Detective," Terry said, and spread a paper across her lap. There were two pictures on it. Both were of men, the two officials whom Peter had dared to accuse in the ship disaster. A headline shouted to the world that the senior official, Black, had shot his junior, Thornton, for threatening to confess his part in the tragedy. Another banner said that Julie had disappeared. A smaller banner, to be sure, but a prominent one.

"Know that young lady?" Terry turned over the paper, and Julie's dark eyes smiled at the public. He sobered. "Julie, don't ever scare us that way again!"

They were simple words. He hadn't said, don't scare me that way, just, 'don't scare us,' but an odd singing, remote and low, began somewhere in Julie's heart.

"I won't," she answered, as though not even a bugle stirred. "But go on—what happened?"

"You're involved."

"How?" It was a round word that rolled right out of her mouth in surprise.

"Thornton sent those presents last night. But that comes later. He was rushed to one of the hospitals about midnight with a bullet wound—serious but he'll live. Black tried to get away but didn't make it. That opened the case. We checked up on those presents, following your tip, and discovered it was Thornton who had sent them—the salesman didn't know his name but the description tallied. With this much known, and the man wanting to get it off his chest, we got the story."

"And what was the story?" Julie interposed. "And why is my picture there?"

"The two then let poor material go into that ship—made some money on it. There was just a chance in two or three hundred that it would break. Well, it broke and they were afraid that an investigation would give them away, so they decided to burn it. Nothing could be told, then, if the ship were raised."

"But how did they get to the scene fast enough?"

"It took the boat a while to go down and they didn't lose any time. They thought they would save themselves and nobody would be hurt by it. But that poor fellow who did the work for them didn't get away with it. That's what got to eating Thornton—the injustice of it. So he threatened to tell, and there was a scene and Black apparently picked up a gun to scare him and it went off. The ship will be raised now, for any signs that are left."

"Then the *Express* stands avenged. I'm glad for Peter's sake."

"And how! But we broke the story, thanks to you. By the way, they let me out of the doghouse to get it. No one else was around. I had your tip and was going to call Thornton, anyway, when word of the shooting came. As for you—we thought you had been spirited away somehow in connection with it—knowing more than you had told or something. . . ." He turned to examine her face with his keen grey eyes. "Don't take any more chances, Julie."

Irrelevantly her next question came. "But did you deliver the baskets?"

She knew him (*Continued on page 48*)



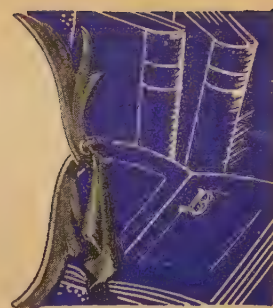
# The Story of Jacob

## *told in pictures . .*

BY DON KONISAROW

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Read GENESIS, CHAPTERS 32, 33, 34.



Jacob and all his people went on toward Canaan. But Jacob feared his brother Esau, who had hated him, and he divided his people into two bands, so that if Esau seized one, the other should escape.



Then, to appease Esau, Jacob set aside gifts for him; and that night an angel in the form of a man came and wrestled with Jacob and touched his thigh, so that it was out of joint.



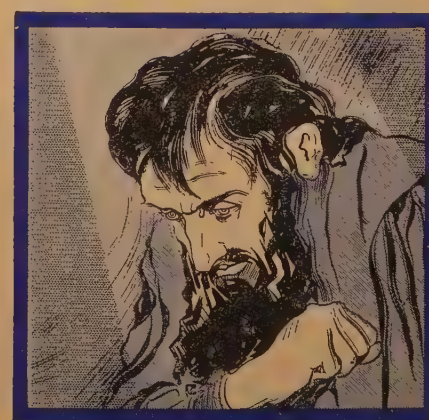
And the next day, as he lifted up his eyes, Jacob saw his brother Esau coming with four hundred men; and Esau ran forward and fell upon Jacob's neck and embraced him, and they wept.



When Jacob came to the land of the Shechemites, his daughter Dinah was defiled by Shechem, son of Prince Hamor. At this Simeon and Levi, her brothers, slew Hamor and his son Shechem.



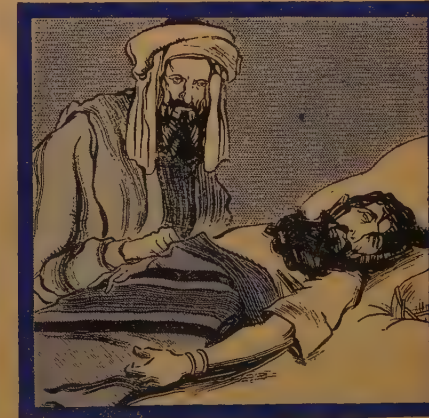
But Jacob was displeased when he learned what they had done, because the Shechemites had kept their vow to follow the faith of Israel; so he called Simeon and Levi and bitterly upbraided them.



Then while Jacob was sore at heart against Simeon and Levi, the voice of the Lord came to him and bade him go up to Bethel, and to make there an altar to the Lord God who had shielded him.



And it came to pass, after his sons Simeon and Levi had slain the men of Shalem to avenge their sister Dinah, that Jacob was wroth with them. And the voice of the Lord came to Jacob and bade him go up to Bethel. So all of Jacob's people put away their strange gods and hid their idols and ornaments, and with all their flocks they followed Jacob, who built at Bethel an altar unto God.




And after his wife Rachel had died, Jacob journeyed on to the city of Hebron, where he found his father Isaac near death. And when Isaac gave up the ghost, Jacob and his brother Esau buried him at Hebron.



There have always been lights on The Bowery—sinister lights, siren lights, dim, threatening lights—none of them with the healthy glow we see on healthier streets. But now a new light shines out over that infamous thoroughfare; a light in front of the Bowery Mission, symbolizing the light which that house of helpfulness and redemption casts over the hearts of hopeless men

By EVELYN ROE

T IS deep winter on the Bowery. Deep, black winter on the street of Missing Men.

I listen every Sunday afternoon to the broadcasts from the Bowery Mission. I am always glad when I hear Dr. St. John say that there are many visitors present at the service. Glad because that means that more people are seeing for themselves what the Bowery Mission is, and what it means in the lives of men whom Life itself seems so often to have forgotten. Glad because I have never yet attempted to write about the Mission, in a way which might turn the hearts of many people to helping it do its really great work, without thinking, "Oh but if people could only see, for themselves. For nothing that can possibly be written is like actually seeing."

I myself live within ten blocks of the Bowery, on the edge of a park where there is light, and air, and fresh white snow, and glimmers of frost on trees; and I have a Scottie, and I have just come in from walking round the Park with the dog, and thinking about the Bowery and its Mission, as I walked.

Dr. St. John has a dog down at the Mission. A Spitz. His name is Dynamite, and it may seem a small thing, but that dog has done wonders for some of the men who have come into the Mission this winter. There is a kitten, too. A grey and white kitten, and both the dog and the kitten are young enough, and untouched enough by the world's woes, to play together; and it is the sight of their interminable play that has been good for many of the men. Men who have drifted into the Mission, at the end of the rope, bewildered, and shocked, and disillusioned. Once they had homes themselves. And families, and friends. And pups, and kittens. And Dynamite, and the kitten, whose name is Dinah May, remind them of a world that has been and which, if they could get straightened out—stop drinking, stop drifting, find work, recapture self-respect and the personal dignity that belongs to a man when he is going somewhere, instead of going nowhere,—could be again.

As I walked around under the dark arch of the sky, which is marked tonight with a few scattered stars, points of emerald, and crimson and topaz and sapphire light, I thought of the lights that are on the Bowery.

For though it is a dark, tortuous street, there are spots of brightness at intervals of its dreary length. Green, and pink and blue spots of brightness, which are Neon signs, hung over saloons, calling men to drink. It seems a shame that human beings should want money so much that they are willing to hang out signs of brilliant green and pink and blue light inviting fellow human beings to come in and drink their way to—how can it be anything but destruction?

But there is one spot of light on the Bowery that I like to think of, and did think of as I walked around the deserted park, and noticed the brilliance of the stars in the sable velvet of the night.

That spot of light on the Bowery is a sign which is lettered in crimson and sapphire fire. And, in this shadowy street of Missing Men its letters spell out "Bowery Mission." A kind of modern muezzin, calling men to pray. Before the sign was procured, Dr. St. John, whom you all know as the director of the Mission, said moderately to some people who are interested in the support of the work, that it seemed to him a shame that, whereas the wicked saloons on the Bowery could all seem to afford bright, compelling signs, the Mission had none. Well, it had a sign, of course, but not one that competed very well with the saloon signs. "It seems," he said, "as if we ought to be able



## A NEW LIGHT ON THE BOWERY

to have a sign which would be able to call men to pray just as strongly as those other signs call men to drink." He didn't labor the point. He didn't need to. In its simplicity the statement made sense to the people who care about the work of the Bowery Mission, and so they went about seeing that money was provided, in order that the Mission might immediately have a sign





that would call men to something other than beer, and whiskey, and "smoke."

Sometimes there are people who want to know whether things pay for themselves. I think the Neon sign paid for itself very soon after it was put up.

There was a woman who used to listen to the broadcasts of the Bowery Mission with her son every Sunday afternoon. I imagine that, as they listened to stories of the broken men who come at last to the Bowery, they thought, as we all do, in the face of dire things, "Oh but such things could never happen to us."

But then one day this son disappeared. There was some trouble, and presently his mother, distracted, realized that, in some fantastic way, her son was lost. Gone, leaving no sign as to which way he had gone, no way to tell whether he was safe, alive, dead.

Sometimes I think the most terrible experience in life must be to have a loved one disappear. What can one do except always to search, and search, and search, never knowing really where to search?

They were not people in desperate straits. It wasn't poverty or drink that took the boy away from his home, but this did not make it any easier to know where to look for him, how to get him back.

The mother used to take her automobile and drive around, looking for her boy. Have you ever lost one of your children for a few minutes, maybe an hour, and gone around the neighborhood hunting for him, calling, known the mounting terror of not finding him?

This woman could not take any specific way, saying to herself, "I will drive along this road, and I shall come to my son." She could only take street after street, watching, watching; seeing a face in the distance, at side view, thinking, with leaping heart, "There is my boy!" only to find that it did not even look like him.

And one day, in the course of many, many streets, she drove slowly along the Bowery. She said afterward that something she could not quite comprehend took her there.

And then, when she had passed from under the elevated tracks, which veer off to the east at the head of the Bowery as if to shun that dreadful cavern, she saw the sign. Blue and crimson it shone in the gloom of late afternoon.

Her eyes filled with tears. Just a few months before and her son had been with her, sitting beside the radio of a Sabbath afternoon, listening to Dr. St. John, and to the boys who stepped up to the radio by the pulpit of the Bowery Mission, and haltingly, told how they needed clothes and shoes to make themselves presentable enough to look for work, and how they work to find

their way back to a respectable life and, in time perhaps, to the families who loved them, and whom they were ashamed to face, in the state they were in.

She throttled the car down and drove slowly past the Mission. Down the Bowery she found a place where she could turn round, and she drove slowly back, on the same side of the street as the Mission.

Something told her to stop. She could see shambling figures along the sidewalk. A man called out something at the sight of a woman, well dressed, alighting from a car she was driving herself, on the Bowery. Two or three little boys who shouldn't have been on the Bowery at all, screamed "Hey, lady, wanna guide? Two bits. See all the sights, lady. Show yer all the sights fer two bits!"

She went into the Mission. One of the staff was standing by the door, and he would have spoken to her, but something in her face stopped him, and she passed slowly by him.

In the chapel a few men were sitting, some dozing, some staring into space. At the prayer rail, down by the pulpit, three men were kneeling, with Dr. St. John. You could hear the murmur of praying. . . .

The woman walked a few feet down the aisle, and then she stopped. She looked carefully at the men sitting in the pews. One was an old man, about eighty, with straggling white hair, and sagging shoulders, and tears in his eyes. She could see the tears because he had turned his head and was looking fixedly at something he saw or thought he saw, on the side wall.

And there were two men who were leaning on each other, snoring, and sleeping away drunken dreams.

And then there was a young figure. A boy. His hair needed cutting. He hadn't any necktie on, and his shirt was open at the throat. And his shoulders sagged, almost like the shoulders of the eighty-year old man.

And the woman looked with sudden intentness, her whole frame tight and strained. And she put a hand to her cheek which was deathly white. Her lips began to tremble, and she steadied them with shaking fingers. Then she walked slowly along the aisle. And when she came to the pew where the boy was sitting, his head bent, his hands hanging loosely between his knees, his young shoulders like the shoulders of an old man, she somehow managed to command herself to calmness, and she slipped into the pew and she said, in a low voice, "Darling. . . ."

I think in that minute the Neon sign they bought for the Bowery Mission paid for itself a thousand times over. . . .

It would be easy to say that, in the winter, the Bowery Mission needs people's help and support more than at any time in the year, but the fact is, there is no season when it does not need every bit of support anyone can possibly (Continued on page 65)







February, 1938

# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1

## FOR THE LONG JOURNEY

I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE.  
READ JOHN 14:1-14.

AT THE moment, Milady and I are preparing for a five months' visit to the Mediterranean countries, familiar Bible Lands. The pressure of preparation that we are undergoing may be imagined—home and office affairs to be arranged, all contingencies to be foreseen, and baggage to be made ready.

Every one of us is soon going upon the longest journey of all. Are we making preparation? Have we taken thought of how we shall leave things behind us, that nobody may be unduly burdened. Are we familiarizing ourselves with the bourne toward which we travel? Are passports in readiness? What of the friends we are to meet?

And are we at peace with the King of that Country? Is it, after all, the real home of our spirits, the goal and destination of our living?

*Bring us safe into Thy Better Country, O Christ, our Way-shower. As wise travelers, make us ready for the end of our life journey. Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2

## JUST PLAIN PATIENCE

I WAITED PATIENTLY.  
READ PSALM 40.

IN MANY lands I have watched local saints—Christians, Buddhists, Moslems and what not—sitting in still and silent contemplation. They had surrendered activity for meditation.

There is none so busy that he may not find a quiet time for musing upon the patience of God—a Divine quality which we much need to consider today.

It seems to be His method to work His will, and bestow His favors, quietly and often imperceptibly. Many a Christian has found that, after his frantic prayings and soul-torments have ceased, the boon he sought has been bestowed without his recognizing it. So let us be patient with God, as He is patient with us.

*Our prayer today is for the strength promised to quietness and confidence. Deliver us, O Lord, from our childish and impatient passion of immediacy. Teach us to "wait on the Lord." Amen.*

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3

## "DEBORAH TELLS THE TRUTH"

SPEAKETH THE TRUTH.  
READ PSALM 15.

STRANGE flashes of unrealized wisdom often come from the lips of little children. They seem to know more than they know. Their candor and sincerity rebuke the cautious sophistication of their elders.

Little Docky, now four, occasionally speaks like a philosopher. Some trifling issue arose the other day, and Docky clinched his authority by saying, "Deborah always tells the truth." Upon that realization he had learned to depend.

Thus early in life enters that strange and potent factor, reputation. Everybody has a reputation: fortunate are they whose nearest associates can say, "Deborah always tells the truth."

*For the homely virtue of sincerity and dependability we pray today, our Father. We may not be talented, but at least we would be real. Amen.*

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4

## STARVING, BUT NOT HUNGRY

EVERMORE GIVE US THIS BREAD.  
READ JOHN 6:22-35.

ONLY those who know China from personal experience can understand the plight of today's millions of refugees. Once I was making rounds of the refugees at Chinkiang with Mrs. Paxton, who was carrying medicine.

Suddenly she turned to me with an awed look, saying, "Most of them complain of lack of appetite! They do not care for the bowl of rice when they can get it."

All of the faces about me wore the gray, dusty famine pallor. They had passed the stage of hunger. They did not want food—because they needed it so greatly.

As we look about us at the multitudes who do not care for things spiritual we should realize that their appetite has gone, simply because they are starving.

*May we never cease to hunger and thirst after righteousness, O bountiful Father. Give us deep desire for soul food; and satisfy it with Thyself. Amen.*

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5

## WHO'S THE STATESMAN?

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.  
READ ISA. 40:1-11.

MANY fussy, flurried, conference-haunting religious officials are discussing and publicising grandiose reorganizations and movements for directing the trend of the times. They are sure they are statesmen and Christian leaders. Let us not smile at their futilities.

All the while, quite unnoticed by the public, a few million godly men and women, who rate no notice in the newspapers, and never deem themselves "leaders," are quietly, patiently setting the steps of uncounted boys and girls, young men and young women, into the Way which is the Good Life.

Which group, think you, is most seriously affecting the world's tomorrow? And which is the more closely following the Gospel Plan?

*We seek not great things for ourselves, O Master; we ask only that we may guide the feet of youth aright into ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.*

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6

## THE PATRIARCH AND PEACE

PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU.  
READ JOHN 14:25-31.

DURING troubled times, when his own position and life were in danger, I once walked in his garden with the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. As a journalist, I was interviewing him; and our talk ranged over all aspects of the pending crisis.

When I came to leave I expressed the hope that his own spirit might be at peace. The effect was like the dropping of a mask from the man's face. He was no longer the clever potentate, but the Christian, aware of the realities of his faith. I left him assured that, come life or death, he would carry on in the train of great Christians.

Beneath all the fret and care, all the burdens and perplexities, which weigh us down, abides the great central reality of a heart at peace with God.

*Whatever storms may rage, keep us, O Lord, in Thy mind of peace. If all is well between Thee and us, naught else matters. Amen.*



## DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7

"SMUT AIN'T ART"

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE.  
READ PHIL. 4:1-9.

DURING the Spanish-American War I worked among the soldiers at Chickamauga. One of my duties was arranging and presiding over the entertainments.

One evening I stopped a monologist who had begun to tell an off-color story. The audience of soldiers approved. When I went behind the scenes, my best performer, a professional vaudeville actor, summed up the situation in the laconic phrase, "Smut ain't art."

He was wiser than many modern editors, theatrical producers and motion picture directors. All moral considerations aside, the descent to slime and filth is a departure from legitimate art, and a confession of professional incompetence.

There is high esthetic significance, and practical sense, in the Scripture's "Whatsoever things are . . . pure . . . think on these things."

*We pray for clean minds, our Father, and for fine tastes; that we may love beauty and truth and purity in all their loveliness, as Thou dost. Amen.*

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8

BEACHCOMBERS

I MUST WORK.  
READ JOHN 9:1-7.

FROM our window in the Chalfonte Hotel, whither we had carried a touch of grippe for repairs, Milady and I looked down upon the Atlantic City beachcombers, a few men who walked ceaselessly to and fro along the edge of the surf, hoping that some valuable trinket, lost by summer bathers, might turn up to their eyes.

They are pathetic figures, these ceaseless seekers after the loot of the sands. Sometimes a ring, a brooch, a coin rewards them; but their life is one of scant compensations, wholly dependent upon chance.

Conscience asks, "Are you, too, but an idly-sauntering beachcomber, with eyes to the ground, a mere picker-up of life's trifles? Or are you a purpose-driven workman, knowing what you seek, and where, and how?"

*Set to echoing in our hearts, O Lord, the Master's cry, "I must work." May we be no longer drifters and idlers, but definite seekers after the best. Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9

WHEN THE BOY WENT HOME

BOYS AND GIRLS PLAYING.  
READ ZECH. 8:1-8.

NOTHING is more common than death; yet its coming is usually as startling and surprising an experience

as if it had never happened before. From babyhood Donald, the adopted son of a noble neighbor, had gone to and fro for fourteen years before our eyes, playing on our lawn, and winning Milady's encomiums upon his growth and attractiveness.

But yesterday we gathered in the home of our friend before the bier of Donald, suddenly cut off from a life of promise. As the quiet Quaker service proceeded, we felt that another link with eternity had been forged. When fair youth is taken by death we are shocked; yet may not the glory and honor of the earth be gathered into the Celestial City; where, we know, the streets are full of boys and girls playing?

*We would not mourn as those who have no hope over the departure of dear ones in the flower of life; for Thou, Father, doest all things well. Amen.*

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10

SPOTS ON THE SUN

THINK ON THESE THINGS.  
READ PHIL. 4:1-9.

SUN spots are getting a deal of publicity nowadays; and there are those who would lay all our national and personal vagaries upon them. The idea of a mysterious unity of universal life is not really fantastic.

My first interest in sun spots arose in boyhood, when a man said to me, "If we could see only the spots on the sun, and not the sun itself, they would be of dazzling brightness."

So we who are alert to pick flaws in the characters of others may learn that these apparent defects, apart from environment, may be virtues, if truly seen. Why look for sun spots, anyway? Is it not better simply to enjoy the radiance and warmth of the sun as a whole?

*On Thee, O Sun of Righteousness, there is no spot or blemish; and we would adore Thee and enjoy Thee without ceasing. Amen.*

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11

AS A KING'S GUEST

SITTEST TO EAT WITH A RULER.  
READ PROV. 23:1-9.

ONCE I sat on the ground in a gorgeous tent, at the right hand of the King of Arabia, to partake of a feast he had prepared for me. But my legs were in the way; I simply could not arrange them in the easy fashion of the Orient. That gorgeous meal was marred by my unruly members.

Many a feast at the King's table of life is hampered by our own unfitness. We attend a great spiritual occasion; but the legs of our self-consciousness, of our business concerns, or of our other personal interests, hinder us from full, free attention to the food prepared for us.

If we would dine with the King, let

us prepare our bodies and our hearts.

*Crude, bungling, self-centered, we miss so many of the delights Thou hast prepared for us, O God, all because of our unreadiness. Forgive us, and accept us despite ourselves. Amen.*

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12

A PERSONAL CONFESSION

JACOB SERVED SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL.  
READ GEN. 29:9-20.

IT TOOK me seven years to win Milady; and there were often times, in those days when she would have none of me, that it seemed as if God had retired from business, and the heavens were brass. But in those long, long years of wooing and waiting, a Power beyond ourselves was doing something to both of us, making us fitter for the many years of happy life that have ensued.

It would be unfatherly weakness for God to give His children whatever they want whenever they want it. Both the recipient and the gift need time for fitness. How seldom are we really ready for the blessings we crave of Heaven! Whatever is really most worth having in life is worth waiting for and working for.

God is never in a hurry; why, then, should we be so impetuous and undisciplined? His promises are sure, even though his schedule is not our calendar.

*Lord, Thou hast been better to us than all our fears and hasty desires. We would learn to trust Thee to the limit. Amen.*

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13

BETTER THAN BIG FISH

HAPPY IS THE MAN.  
READ PSALM 127.

FROM the Beloved Fisherman comes word of the birth of his tenth great-grandchild. He gloats, "You may catch larger fish, but you can't beat that."

His warm letter sets me to brooding upon the fundamental purpose and achievement of life. To have carried, and passed on, the torch of life itself, projecting one's personality into the distant generations, surely is primary success. The making of a fortune is a negligible matter compared with this vital service to the race. And to live to see one's children's children's children growing up in godliness and happiness is to have inherited the blessings promised in the Old Testament.

Yes; our Beloved Fisherman has made the great catch. He has served God and the world; and those of his blood will carry on after him.

*We confess to spiritual vision that often sees second things as first and trifles as important, our Father. Teach us anew the primary greatness of being good parents, in Thy fear. Amen.*

(Continued on page 44)



# CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

*Clementine Paddleford, DIRECTOR*

Planning, Preparation and Serving Meals for Church Affairs. Suggestions for Decorations and Entertainment for the Social Side of Church Life



No other sandwiches need be served if triple-decker sandwich loaves are the feature.



Angel wings fly high at tea time or with afternoon ice cream and coffee refreshments.

## The Ladies GIVE A TEA

Cake and coffee are everlastingly in favor for the refreshment hour. This is a lemon-flavored cake layered with bananas. Courtesy Lever Brothers Co.

A LOT of women have the queer idea that a tea is something complicated to give, a maze of intricate tea table dodads and a lot of polite conversation about the higher things of life and other formal rigmarole. And of course it may be if you have a debutante daughter to introduce, or like going in for formality. But that is not the kind of tea we would give if we were chairman of the social committee and planned a get-together for the women of the church.

We would have a friendly informal tea—with not too many sandwiches or too many cakes. But with excellent tea, the best we could buy; the best we could make. For good tea, mind you, gives a deceivably gentle glow that makes everyone feel neighborly and pleasantly talkative. Tea, that is good tea, rightly made, is one of the subtlest things in the world.

Our tea table for a crowd would be a long table set across one end of the reception hall. We would use the very best table cloth, maybe a lace one. Few church linen drawers boast such opulence but we have no qualms about borrowing. Candle light there must be, tall tapers set in low holders; plain white or black and inconspicuous if these are to be dime store kind. A low wide pottery bowl with a holder is the thing for a gracious arrangement of flowers. Roses are always appropriate for the table set for tea and

beautiful, but less formal, more welcoming are garden flowers in a medley of pastel shades. More unusual yet is a low woven basket filled with winter berries and ruddy apples, and a few pine cones. Candle sticks to accompany this centerpiece might be large pine cones, the centers cut down to hold one of those short fat candles that burn forever—or almost.

Arrange the table with tea service at either end so two women may pour. It is considered an honor to pour, so if teas are given frequently in your church, distribute this favor, calling on different women each time. But do not ask just anyone, for pouring requires considerable social poise. It takes both grace and skill to greet friends and strangers with a friendly word, fill up their cup with tea, strong, weak or medium as they like it, then hurry on to the next in line all without any appearance of haste. If the afternoon is to be a long one, two women may be asked to pour from three to four o'clock, and two others from four to five, thus honoring four of your group instead of a lonely two.

Because so many women have written, "I have been asked to pour at tea. What shall I wear?" We mention clothes before going on to cakes. The women who pour should appear in pretty afternoon dresses and hats. The hostesses in charge wear the same type of dress, but go hatless. The young girls who assist in pass-



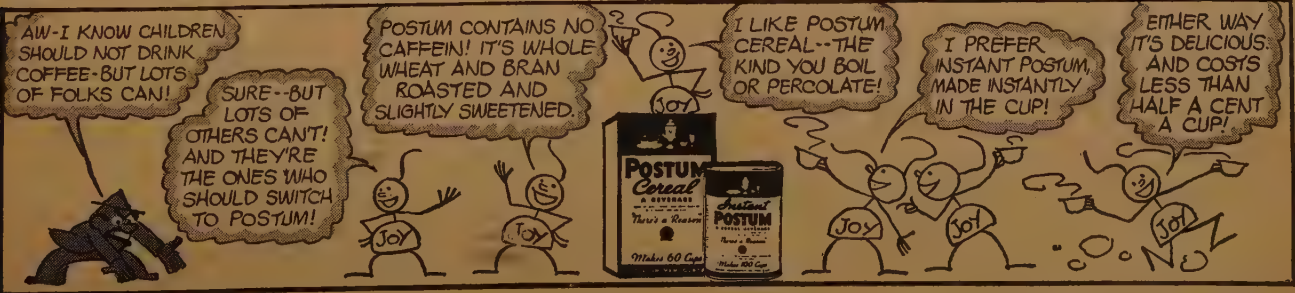
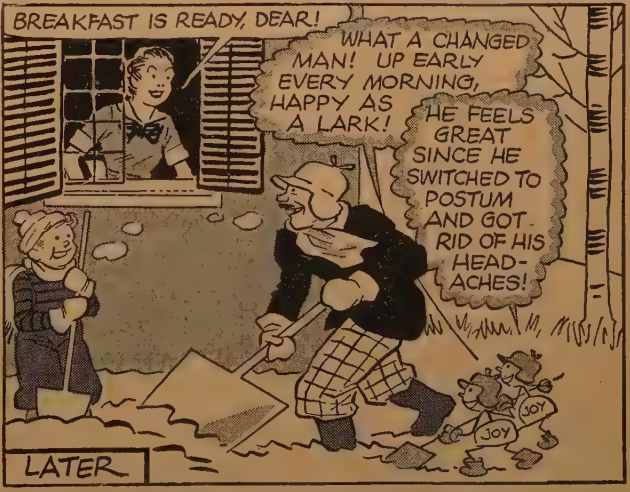
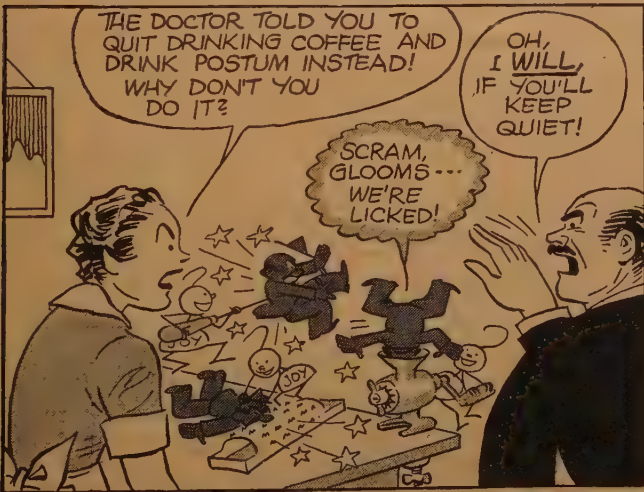
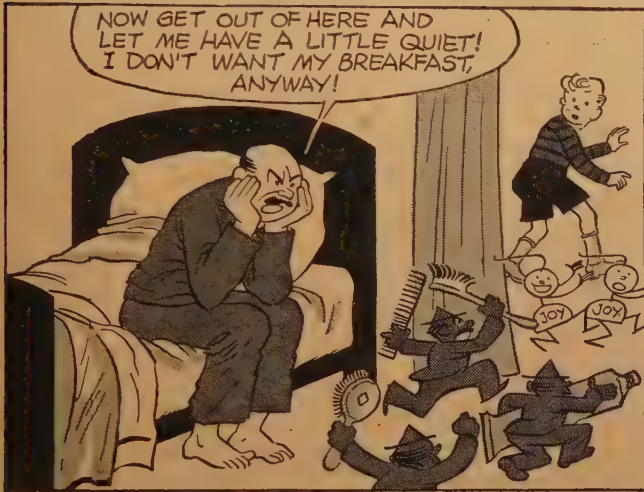
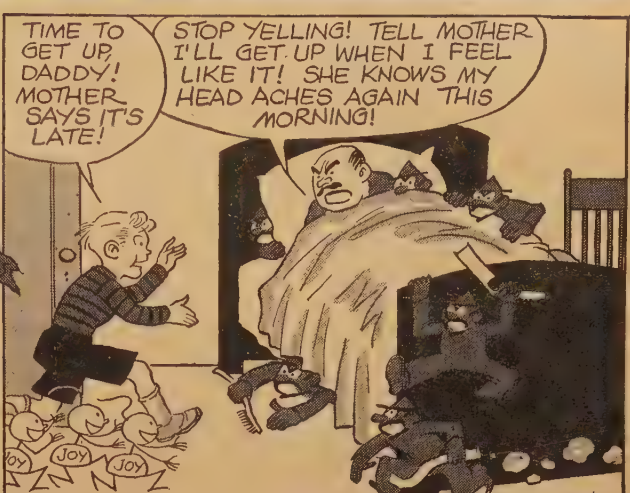
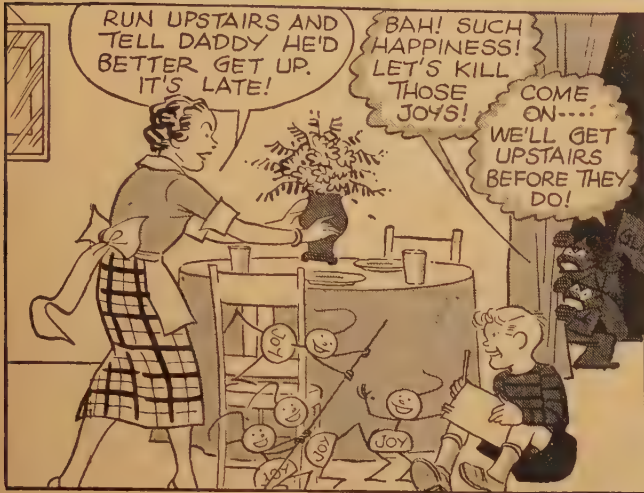
Doughnuts! Here is a chocolate kind, with marshmallow.—Courtesy Angelus Campfire

ing trays and helping guests around the table should wear simple dresses in pastel shades—at least the light colors would look the prettiest; but if that isn't practical on a February afternoon in Austin, Colorado, or wherever—just any pretty dress will do.

Now let's return to refreshments. It is quite the thing to serve coffee as well as tea, having the coffee service at one table end, the tea at the other. In setting the table, arrange everything in the most convenient way to the hand of the woman who pours. Place on a large tray the tea or coffee service, then any little drops or spills will not spot the cloth. If the tray is silver, or decorative, no doily or tray cloth is required. The service, as it is called, includes teapot, sugar, cream, lemon or other (Continued on page 46)



# JOYS and GLOOMS





## DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 41)

## MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14

## WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT

THE LIGHT THAT IS IN THEE.  
READ MATT. 6:19-23.

**S**UDDENLY, the electric light in my room went out, and all was darkness. Assuming that there had been trouble on the community line, I settled quietly down to await the return of light. It did not come, so, after a time, I went to the window and found that all other lights were burning. The fault was in my own bulb, to be remedied by me alone.

There are a host of persons who think that all lights are out, nowadays—lights of religious interest, lights of good taste, lights of public spirit, lights of prosperity—when, in truth, it is only their own individual lamps that have failed. Let us "mind the light" that is in our own keeping.

*We confess to being childish egotists, O Infinite Lord. Open our eyes to see that all is well with Thee, the changeless and omnipotent One; and that the only fault lies with us. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15

## OLD HOMES FOR SALE

A WISE MASTERBUILDER.  
READ I. COR. 3:6-15.

**A**MONG a number of our neighbors an unforeseen problem has arisen with the passing of the years. In happiness and pride, they had built spacious homes, and filled them with families and friends. But the children have grown, and flown from the home nest. Often there is only a widowed mother left, and the house is too big. What to do?

This tragedy has been wrought by the passing of time. It symbolizes the impermanence of all things in life, and turns our thought to the eternal stabilities. We hear Jesus say, at the break-up of His familiar circle, "In my Father's house are many abiding places—homes that never break up." The very transitoriness of life here turns our thoughts to the sure and the changeless.

*Amidst all of life's changes, our Father, we would have our hearts fixed upon Thee and Thy promises. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16

## IF ALL SPEECHES WERE ONE

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.  
READ MATT. 6:25-34.

**I**TALKED to the Sleighton Farm girls yesterday, and, in my introduction, reminded them that if all the speeches I have made to them in the past twenty-five years were one speech, it would be more than twenty-four hours long.

None of us could have endured that twenty-four hour talk as a whole; but what good times we have had with the

fragments of which it would consist. All of life and experience is broken up into tolerable parts. Nobody could stand, at one time, the sum of all of life's experiences. That is why the Model Prayer says, "Give us this day"—the original carries the idea, "day by day"—"our daily bread." "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"—and the good.

*Our Father, "we ask Thee for the daily strength, to none that ask denied," that we may, piece by piece, fulfill Thy large will for our lives. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17

## THE ARMLESS ARTIST

A THORN IN THE FLESH.  
READ II. COR. 12:1-10.

**A**FTER an exhibition of his paintings in Holman's Print Shop, Boston, Earl Bailly and his brother, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, in their trailer, traveled south to Warm Springs and to Florida, where he expected to exhibit. I met him in Philadelphia.

In his infancy, infantile paralysis deprived Mr. Bailly of the use of his hands and legs. But it could not conquer his spirit or his brain, so he learned to paint by holding the brush in his mouth. And he produces canvasses which rank with those of good artists.

There are no handicaps that can keep a brave and gifted soul from achievement. Earl Bailly is more of a man, in the essentials of life, than myriads who have all physical advantages.

*Because Thou hast stamped Thine image upon our souls, O God, we have power to surmount all of life's ills and difficulties. We thank Thee for all brave spirits who have done so; and pray that we may be of their number. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18

## THE MAIN HIGHWAY

I AM CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST.  
READ GAL. 2:16-21.

**A**T A meeting of social workers a British leader had been stressing the primary importance of personal redemption. In the question period that followed, one voice inquired, "But what about the social gospel?"

"All right," was the reply, "but first you must have a Gospel."

That simple sentence was a finger placed upon the most sensitive spot in modern religion. Many of us are so absorbed in "the social gospel" that we neglect to put the accent upon the old Gospel of personal salvation.

We are wonderful builders of highways and short cuts in these times; but we have not yet found a substitute for the Way of Life, which leads over the hill called Calvary.

*Keep us clearly loyal, O God, to the central truth of our faith, that there is no other Name whereby we may be saved; and that our Saviour is the only Way. Amen.*

## SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19

## "UP TO DATE"

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.  
READ MATT. 16:1-4.

**A**S A newspaper man I naturally hold a brief for up-to-dateness. Yet I am perturbed that so many persons in our times are concerned chiefly over being up to date on so many things that will soon be out of date.

It is of passing interest for women to observe the day's fashions, however silly; but it is of supreme importance that they maintain the qualities which forever have been the mark of noble womanhood.

For youth to know the latest wisecracks and the rating of the movie stars and the status of sports is quite all right. But it is entirely wrong for them to give no heed to the sterling virtues which are timeless.

Let us keep up to date in the things that are never out of date.

*Give us eyes to see the sure and abiding standards of life that are embodied in Thy word, O Lord; and in Thy Son, our Example and Saviour.*

## SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20

## WE GET NEW CURTAINS

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.  
READ MATT. 5:13-16.

**F**OR two days our home has been all a-hum and a-bustle over the making of long-desired new window curtains. Milady and a seamstress are ruling the scene with a high hand. They can scarcely conceal their disdain for a male creature who does not perceive the paramount importance of curtains in the scheme of life.

So I take refuge in the printed word to declare that windows are not made to be looked at, but to look through, and to admit light. I even lift the theme to a higher level to protest that Christian lives are not lived for admiration, but for letting in the light. They are the windows of heaven for a dark world; and not to be obscured by personal trappings.

*"Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be the glory, O Lord." We pray that naught of self-ostentation in us may dim the clear light that Thou hast commissioned us to shed on the world. Amen.*

## MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21

## STONES OF FRIENDSHIP

TOOK A STONE AND SET IT UP.  
READ GEN. 31:43-55.

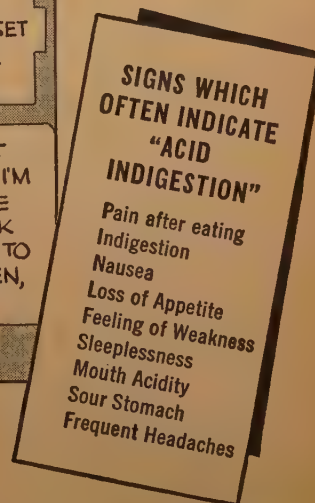
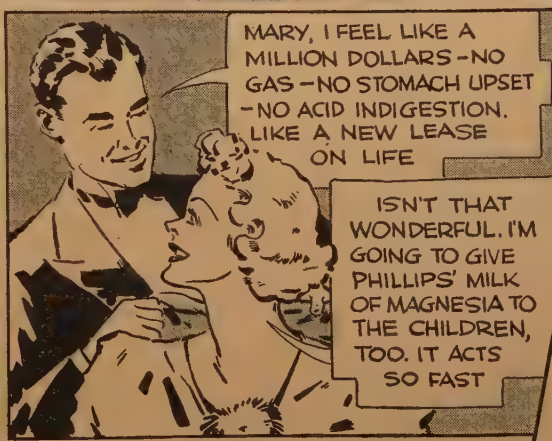
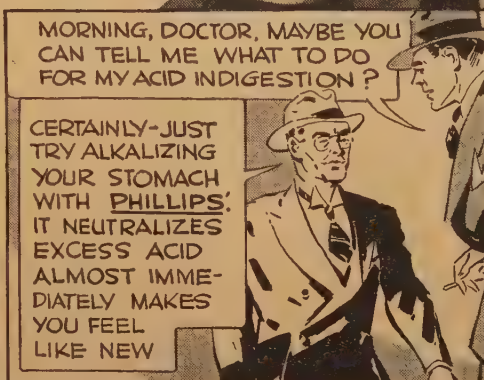
**M**RS. EDISON was showing us over her Florida home, with its intimate memories of the great inventor; and she led us into the garden where there is a Walk of Friendship, each stone contributed by a friend of Mr. Edison, and most of them inscribed.

That memorial path is symbolic. We  
(Continued on page 68)



# "Sorry we Can't Accept"

**Our Motto—Until John learned  
How to Alkalize Acid Indigestion**



## **To Alkalize Acid Indigestion BE SURE YOU GET PHILLIPS'**

With "acid indigestion" it stands to reason that the longer it goes, the worse it gets — and the harder it is to alkalize. Therefore, act at the first sign of distress.

If you would relieve and "head off" nausea, "upset stomach," heartburn, gas, the thing to do is alkalize immediately.

Try this quick-acting way: take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets — or two teaspoons of the liquid which have the same alkalizing effect.

Almost at once you feel "acid indigestion" curbed. "Acid headaches," acid breath, pains from acid indigestion — all are given amazingly fast relief. You feel like a different person.

When you're going out carry your alkalizer with you — always — in tablets. They taste like peppermint. They cost 25¢ for 30. When you buy insist on Genuine Phillips'.

### **THE ORIGINAL IN LIQUID FORM**

For use at home and with children millions ask for genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in its original liquid form.



# **PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA**



# You Get What You Pay For

An article by

*Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy*  
National leader in women's  
educational and economic affairs

**A** DOG LOVER, motoring in the country one day, was approached at a traffic stop by a peddler with a basketful of jet-black puppies which he claimed were pure-bred Newfoundlands. He was sacrificing them for the low price of \$10 apiece. The motorist, convinced that he had run into a bargain, couldn't resist buying one of the pups.



Mrs. Christy, wife of the famous artist, adds to her other activities a lively interest in cookery

From his first bath, however, the puppy emerged with a coat no longer solid black, but with strange-looking spots of dirty gray. And as the months went by, he looked less and less

like a well-bred Newfoundland.

It was apparent that the puppy had been dyed to simulate a black Newfoundland. In his haste to strike a bargain, the man failed to realize that dogs, like everything bought and sold today, have a well-established value. *You get what you pay for.*

**AND THAT** is as true of baking powder as of any other purchase. I love to cook, and I know from experience that Royal is well worth a little extra cost. Every baking recipe in a cook book I am now writing is planned for this fine Cream of Tartar baking powder.

*Helen Evelyn Jones*

**THE** Cream of Tartar in Royal gives unsurpassed quality to everything you bake—finer flavor, more even texture, better keeping quality. And Royal is the only nationally known baking powder made with Cream of Tartar—a wholesome fruit product. Yet it actually costs you only about 1¢ per baking. Buy Royal tomorrow.

**FREE COOK BOOK**—Write to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington Street, New York City, Dept. 202.



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Standard Brands Incorporated

(Continued from page 42)

fruits, tea cups and spoons.

Which goes where? Use sense on this. First the teapot to the right with room in front for a cup and saucer. Sugar and cream place toward the back of the tray. Fruits near by, cups and saucers at the left, two cups on two saucers with all the handles turned toward the hostess. Never stack more than two cups together; one of the helpers will bring more when they are required. Place the spoons anywhere convenient—to the right we think. It is customary to set the cup and saucer on a plate when passed, but for a large crowd forget this extra plate. Sandwiches and cakes are small and can be balanced on the saucers. A small tea napkin should be provided for each guest—and for a crowd the paper ones will do. Choose them small and of either plain white or a very dainty design.

Foods such as sandwiches, little cakes, and sweetmeats are arranged on trays and placed on the center of the table. We suggest trays, for although guests are supposed to help themselves, things often get congested around the table, in which case the young lady assistants can pass the sandwiches and cakes among the crowd. At a large affair Polly puts the kettle on and keeps it on for the entire afternoon, for tea must be freshly brewed and made in fairly small amounts to be worthy of its name.

## How To Make Tea

You may buy either orange pekoe or Pekoe tea in bulk in a one ounce tea bag, each bag making one gallon. Orange pekoe is a good choice for a crowd as almost everyone likes it. This tea has nothing whatever to do with oranges; it is just a name for a black tea made of the smaller and more delicate leaves of the tea plant. In tea the smaller the leaf the better the flavor. And experts you may like to know, say Orange Peck-oh, not Peek-oh! But who cares if the tea is good.

Now take that one ounce bag and place it in an earthenware container. Pour over one gallon of freshly boiling water and let stand five minutes to brew. Brewing is the word, not stewing! Stir well and remove bag. Now quickly fill the teapots which have been pre-heated with the boiling water. Rush to the table for tea

must be steaming hot to be its best. One gallon serves sixteen guests. While the pouring goes on more water is heating for the next brew. So it goes, gallon after gallon, with the tea always freshly made. Brew the tea five minutes which gives real strength, then keep a pot of boiling water on the table for diluting the tea for those who like it weak.

Tea balls are convenient to use but if you prefer the loose tea, measure carefully allowing one teaspoon to a cup of water, or for twelve cups one fourth cup of tea, and it might be made twelve cups at a time. It requires one person's full time to make tea in the kitchen while the serving is at its height.

## Easy Menus

Tea is not a meal. Your guests have had their lunch and we presume they will have their dinner, therefore tea refreshments should be dainty delicious little tidbits—just enough food to create an atmosphere of good feeling, remembering always that the important point is the tea or coffee itself. That must be exquisite.

Just thinly sliced bread and butter does tea duty beautifully. All kinds of little sandwiches, either open or closed are appropriate. Those tiny pastry shells one buys in boxes may be filled with appetizing mixtures, or serve miniature baking powder biscuits split and spread with deviled ham if you have time for extra fuss. Plain crackers delicately toasted and spread with cheese are good. And of course little cakes or cookies always belong on the party table. Try sponge fingers for a speedy number. Cut a layer of sponge cake in half, spread with orange marmalade, then put it together again. Now wrap in wax paper, place in the refrigerator several hours, then cut into narrow strips and roll in powdered sugar.

If the budget says so, bowls of salted nuts or the sugared ones are quite in the grand manner. Glacé fruits are cheerful eating and mints are additions of good taste. Maybe you can't buy them in your town, but in city stores we have seen crystallized rose leaves, candied lilacs, and violets. Yes, the real flowers preserved in sugar glaze with the natural color and the natural sweetness too. Someday when you are giving that tea of teas, place a little dish of these candied flowers on the serving table—for the ultimate touch.



## ATTENTION CHURCH MONEY MAKERS

Do you know that there is a really easy way to raise money for your church or Sunday School?

It's not exactly new, for many church groups have been using it successfully for almost ten years. If you haven't heard of it, it is well worth investigating.

It is the Christian Herald Cooking School Plan—a unique, interesting, sure-fire method of raising \$25.00 to \$50.00.

We have a few dates available in April, May and June. Write immediately for information.

**HELEN EVELYN JONES,**  
Church Housekeeping Bureau,

Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



And now for some tea time recipes that may be new to you.

#### GLACE FRUIT SPREAD

2 cups minced glace fruit  
¼ cup lemon juice

1 quart cottage cheese  
Bread, buttered

Combine glace fruit and lemon juice and blend into cottage cheese. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread. Yield: 5 cups filling.

#### DUTCH SANDWICH SPREAD

1 pound chopped cooked ham  
½ cup ground blanched almonds  
¾ cup chopped sweet pickles

2 dozen stuffed olives, chopped  
¾ cup mayonnaise  
48 slices of buttered bread, thinly cut

Combine ham (put through food chopper), almonds, pickles, olives and mayonnaise. Spread on one-half the bread, cover with remaining bread. Cut crust from each slice, then cut into four long fingers. Approximate yield: 96 fingers.

#### ANGEL WINGS

2 egg whites, slightly beaten  
1½ cups sifted flour

Add flour to egg white to make a very stiff smooth dough. Shape into small balls or leave in one large ball. In either case roll very thin. Cut into pieces about 3 x 3 inches. Drop sheets into hot fat, 385° F., and while still soft at the beginning of the frying period, squeeze the two outer edges together through to the center with 2 sticks so as to ruffle the outside and form two wings. Hold it for a moment to set the shape. Cook until a delicate brown. Drain and cool. Sprinkle with confectioners sugar.

#### CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW DOUGHNUTS

4 cups flour  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon cinnamon  
2 tablespoons cocoa  
2 egg yolks

1 cup sugar  
½ cup melted butter  
1 cup milk  
¾ package (12) marshmallows, cut in half  
Fat for deep fat frying

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and cocoa. Beat egg yolks, and add sugar slowly, while beating constantly. Add melted butter. Then add dry ingredients and milk alternately to egg yolk mixture, and blend thoroughly. Roll out to ½ inch thickness on lightly floured board or pastry canvas. Cut with doughnut cutter from which inner circle has been removed. Place a marshmallow half on one half of dough circle and fold over the remaining portion, pressing edges together with a fork. Fry doughnuts in deep fat heated to 360° F. for 2 to 3 minutes, and drain on absorbent paper.

#### BANANA LAYER CAKE

½ cup vegetable shortening  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs, unbeaten

2 cups sifted cake flour  
2½ teaspoons baking powder  
¾ cup milk  
1 large banana, sliced

Combine vegetable shortening, salt and lemon rind. Add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Sift flour and baking powder together 3 times. Add small amounts of flour to creamed mixture, alternately with milk, beating after each addition until smooth. Pour batter into 2 8-inch layer pans greased with shortening. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 25 minutes.



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ducing furniture that will add to the character and dignity of any place of worship.

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(Continued from page 36)



**YOUR BABY DESERVES THE BEST**

LOOK FOR THESE TWO SEALS. THEY MEAN PROTECTION FOR BABY

**57**

LOOK FOR THESE TWO SEALS. THEY MEAN PROTECTION FOR BABY

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well enough to know that he was telling the truth when he spoke. "Julie Brent, I never thought about those baskets until now! I fell asleep at the office for an hour or two along about eight o'clock this morning when there wasn't any way to help find you it seemed— But I did leave word at Natalie's about a quarter after eleven last night that I was delayed. She'll understand."

"What's going to happen to me? Will I be raised or fired for my part in it? You would have had the story without me—Thornton would have talked."

"You may be put in the dog-house with me," Terry warned, but there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"Terry Maxwell, why do people think it's a punishment to be put on the religious page? Oh it is of course! You never have anything to write about but a lot of texts. Still, it seems sacrilegious to me."

"Well, darling, just consider that you've spent a night in church. Honestly, you don't want to leave news, do you?"

"No," she answered candidly. "I don't. But church happenings should be news!"

"You and the chief settle that," Terry

chestra seats for a whole party of Briggs' friends at one of the season's hits when the dinner ended.

The telephone at the apartment was ringing when the girls came home, after the play. Briggs had not come up, for it was late. The bell began its chiming as they were on the first stairway, and by the time they had reached the last it had settled down to a steady, persistent ringing. It was Peter.

"Julie? You're all right?" he asked. "The *Express* can slip out from its suit. Thanks for your help. And thanks for the books. You and Martha are girls of rare discrimination."

Peter had sent some roses to the apartment, deep yellow that nodded in a copper bowl. Julie would have talked longer but hung up.

"Life is not fair," Julie remarked, as she slipped out of a yellow cape that matched the roses in the copper bowl.

"Of course not—but whoever said it was?" Martha asked sleepily, but her voice held a wistful edge that made Julie glance at her swiftly.

"There's the *Express*, trying so hard and getting cheated out of breaking its own story. Still, circulation should go up

## ★ THANK YOU, KIND FRIENDS!

THE Bowery Mission had its best Christmas Party; never before in our memories were there so many beautifully wrapped gift packages under the Christmas tree, nor do we think the men ever had a better time.

Dinner was served at midday and the party was held in the Chapel at night. In addition to a gift package, every man who needed anything was given an invitation to come back the next day and get it. Charles St. John says he felt like the Spirit of Christmas, he had so much to give. Our friends were generous and thoughtful in their gifts; one kind friend gave a generous check to start a fund with which to send men back home—back to farms and more wholesome places than the Bowery.

You should feel fully repaid for any sacrifice you made to give Christmas to men who are homeless could you have heard and felt their joy at your party; it's too bad photographs cannot catch the chuckles of glee and the sparkling of happy eyes.

★  
advised. "Here we are. And let me tip you off. News can happen on the church page. I'm springing some soon!"

"That forty-scraper church?" Julie asked. "Is it going to be wonderful? What's going to happen?"

"An unexpected surprise. Julie, when you see the editor, don't ask for a raise, or pretend that you've brought home the bacon—" Suddenly they were laughing together as he quoted her words of a few weeks before.

In the end, work done for the day, the members of the staff who had been summoned hastily, went across the street for late breakfast together, while the editor-in-chief, assuring himself that Julie had not been spirited away, looked disappointed and went home. Martha came down to join the group, and Briggs, notified of Julie's reappearance, entered before the gathering broke up. And Christmas became very gay, very bright, with dinner that night at a big hotel and or-

now, and salaries be paid." Her voice became slower.

But the change did not come. People, especially advertisers, satisfied with matters as they were, did not take much stock in the smaller paper. Courageously it battled on. Peter, removed from the news and feature field, went on the desk. Julie and Terry seldom saw him now.

January passed. February began. Julie was sent out of town to cover a famous trial, and Terry, restless because the story he wanted was so slow in breaking, wrote about church conventions and missionary meetings, and got down to work in earnest on his book. At times Julie got out hers, and wrote a few pages. The tenements had been replaced with new, modern well-ventilated and lighted houses. There was a house-warming, at the end of February, and the notables of the city turned out to honor Basil Worthington for his helpfulness. Natalie was present, in an ermine



cape over a dress that was the yellow of her hair. Peter came, too, tired and worried. Julie was with Briggs, and Martha, at Julie's insistent invitation, backed by Briggs, had joined them. They heard speeches, inspected rooms, drank fruit punch and ate assorted cookies.

On the way home, Briggs said suddenly: "Next week end I'm going to take a party down to my lodge, along the river. Can I count on both of you? If the ice holds there will be skating and tobogganing. And if it doesn't, well, there are fires and books and a good cook—"

"I can come at noon Saturday," Julie said.

"Good! I wish it could be Friday night. Martha, can you join us Friday night? I'm driving up."

"Sorry, Briggs, but it has to be Saturday for me, too. I'll come with Julie."

The next day Terry called at the office of the president of the First Tabernacle Church Corporation. He had used stories repeatedly about the forthcoming skyscraper church so he was well known around the offices.

Slowly, surely, from one source and then another, he had unearthed material which showed him that a powerful company was taking advantage of a church. Because it was a church, most papers were paying little attention to the building. It gave Terry a clear field. The church, left its land on condition that it build its edifices there always, could let a business block be built around itself. But it could not sell or lease its land. The real estate company had entered into a contract with it, according to which the real estate company would loan the church the money for the erection of the skyscraper in which the church would be included. In return, as a method of payment, the real estate company would receive all rentals, for a period of ninety-nine years. The church would have more luxurious accommodations that it could otherwise have; it would have lights and heat and janitor service free; and it would, in no wise, be invalidating its gift.

There was the matter of taxes. Nothing had been said about them, in a manner that established the fact that the real estate company must bear them. Time after time, the matter had been sidled around. Terry, satisfied at last, that the church could be called upon to take care of them if the real estate company refused, had decided that the time had come to act. The church was being taken for a ride, a sky-ride, forty-four stories high!

One thing more he needed. That was the name of the man—or men—who had financed the company that would erect the building through the church's agency.

Terry left the office, determined that the time had come when he must put his findings on his editor's desk, yet conscious that he needed more facts. Never again would he try to put through a story, until he had verified it up, down, across the center, backwards and forwards. He wanted to talk to somebody about the matter but there was no one whom he could trust. Certainly none of his own staff. They would discuss the matter around the office and some word might get out. Julie—but she had small knowledge of business dealings. He couldn't trust a lawyer, or anyone at the City Hall.

(Continued on page 50)



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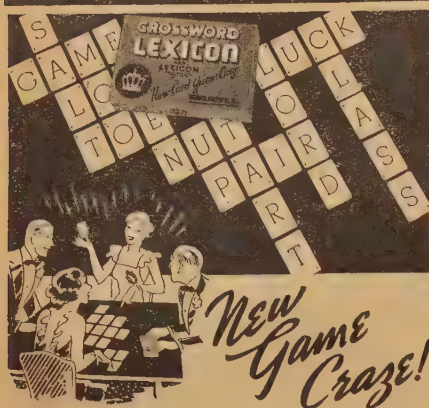
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(Continued from page 49)

Briggs—yes, he would do, but Briggs represented an influential firm of attorneys and paths crossed and recrossed so unexpectedly.

The newsboys were crying their Wall Street editions late that afternoon as Terry went into the office. He had a comfortable sense of wellbeing as he entered the editorial room. The silence that pervaded the room now that the printing presses and linotype machines were still for the day; the patient ticking of the office clock, which had a face on both sides, and swung in the middle of the room; the green eyeshades, and the incessant typing, and the overflowing waste-paper baskets. A lot of words were thrown away every day—

Still reflective he sat down at his desk. Miss Leighton had gone, leaving him a sheaf of church notes to type. He glanced at them idly. He marveled at his own patience for having stayed by this desk. The story which had broken on Christmas Eve had shown him how eager he was for active contact with the working news world. It wouldn't be long, now. This was February, and when the month ended he could ask for his old berth. The lights of the city were coming on, and the snow was giving way to heavy rain. He strolled to the window. He admitted that he felt an admiration for the ministers who toiled in the city, combating the allurements everywhere. What did they get out of it? And when you dreamed a dream—a forty-story sky-scraper—it fell around you because there were thieves who took possession. What was it the old man had said at the church meeting? Oh yes, thieves in the House of the Lord. This job was stirring him . . . making him think. . . .

Julie, finishing her last story, turned in the copy, put on the green coat and a new beret that had replaced the one she lost, and came down the wide aisle. He saw her and turned.

"I hear you're going to be on a house party at Briggs' this week end," he said.

She sat down on the edge of his desk as he leaned against the wall.

"Yes, who told you?" Terry was looking tired tonight, and serious. She thought, for a startled second, of the debonair, nonchalant Terry who had come back with the Southern political exposé such a short time before. But then this was his fault. And he was making the church page read! The clergy were calling to congratulate the *Star*.

"Natalie mentioned it. Briggs doesn't live so far from their country home, and she's having some guests, too. I'll be there. We may run in to each other."

"Oh, I hope we do!" The week end began to shine now. It was idiotic. How could it be, just because Terry was going to be a mile up the road, or down the road? She probably never would see him!

He looked at his sheath of notes. "If my desk was clear, I'd ask you to go to dinner."

She pulled off the brown gauntlets that matched her slippers and bag. "I'll help!"

Thus, she had an evening with Terry, an old, comfortable, friendly, companionable evening, when rain beat down on the windows of the restaurant where they ate, as they discussed the *Star*, the *Express*; the fact that the owners of the lat-

ter paper were thinking of selling out to another news bureau; Peter, books, religion. They laughed often, and when Julie reached home she felt that she had met Terry again, after a long absence. She realized that she had not thought about Natalie. The wealthy girl was becoming an abstraction. She hoped she would stay that way.

As she brushed her hair that night, Julie told herself honestly, that she knew all about the times Terry had been criticized for late copy; a too-hastily constructed angle on a story; overlooking some good feature. Such moments came to everyone in the newspaper trade. She, Julie, had been through them with him. But Natalie had known Terry glorious, only. To her, even his present assignment, was something of a lark. Natalie never had patched his armor—never had comforted and sympathized because he was discouraged. How could a man clasp his spurs before a woman who had seen their mended places?

Thus, philosophically, Julie tried to dispose of Natalie as a brief feature in Terry's life. She refused to believe that he could fall in love—*everlastingly* in love—with her. Even if she, Julie, wasn't the one he wanted, Natalie couldn't be, either. She was too brittle, glittering, cold.

Then Friday night came and Martha, coaxed by Briggs, went with the early guests to the houseparty. Julie followed Saturday afternoon. It was storming. All week long the rain had come. Driving out to Briggs', in the station wagon that had met her train, she could hear the river thundering in the distance. The radio and press had been sounding warnings that there might be trouble with early floods. Already the lowlands were under water. The day was dark and somber. Julie was glad. She wanted to sit by the fire, read, be warm and comfortable and lazy. There would be no editor to send her into the storm on a story.

"Have to detour here," the driver said once, and a grey swirl of water followed the wagon for a few hundreds of yards. When Julie climbed out, at Briggs' open door, the wind blew her black coat and her red dress madly. She was drawn into the great, oak-beamed room, where deep chairs and divans and tables filled with magazines and books stood everywhere. Logs burned in a fireplace that filled half of one wall. Somebody played a piano softly. Nobody paid much attention. The rhythm made a pleasant background for the laughter and the voices.

"I'm glad I came," Julie told Briggs. "I hope I'll be invited often!"

"You will be!" he said, but he did not make a bantering remark that the keys to the great front door were hers if she would take them. Half-ashamed, Julie realized that she had expected one.

A few guests were joining the house party for dinner. Julie, coming down the stairway at dinner time, stopped in surprise when she saw Terry and Natalie in the group below. Then she had a swift feeling of gladness because she had spent part of her week's salary for new clothes. She knew that her dress was right. It was a green chiffon, with a wide, full skirt outlined in silver leaves. There was a silver ribbon at her waist and she had bound her hair with a silver band, around which the

(Continued on page 67)



(Continued from page 20)

for the Church, now he hates it, as fortune beckons; he'd be rid of it if he dared, but the Church is strong in his Italy.

Show me a Red or a Fascist revolution and I'll show you a dictator. Show me a dictator and I'll show you a man trying to teach his people the impossible lesson that a nation can live without God. He has to do that, for with God in the picture he can't last.

Democracy can never get along without God, without the buttressing teaching of Jesus as to the worth of the human personality, whether it be the personality of a Beloved John or a thief on his cross; without the tireless striving to get the manhood of the Master into the bloodstream of human, erring, greedy, grafting

## AT LONG LAST

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**W**OULD you like to spend two weeks in England next Summer visiting the historic scenes and beautiful countryside? We have worked out such an all-expense tour for less than \$500.00, including steamship fare. Those wishing to see Paris and the Continent may do so at slight extra cost. But in order to make this trip possible we must have at least twenty-five in the party.

Before going too far in our plans we would like to know how many *Christian Herald* readers would be interested. If the idea appeals to you please write us immediately. Of course, your inquiry will not obligate you in any way. Address Travel Department—*Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Man. That is a high religious duty. It makes politics spiritual.

I should hate to think of the day when we will elect a man to public office only if he happens to belong to *our* Church, and say *our* creed. The Master would loathe that: read his conversation with the Woman of Samaria. But I believe the day will come when we shall insist that the man who asks for public office shall prove himself not only adept at making Fourth-of-July speeches with the traditional bombast and fury, but prove himself, before he asks, a sincere witness of the love of God and an active builder of the brotherhood of man. Denominational lines have nothing to do with that.

In view of what's happened in New York, I believe we are drawing closer to that ideal. It *has* happened in "impossible" New York. It *can* happen, anywhere.

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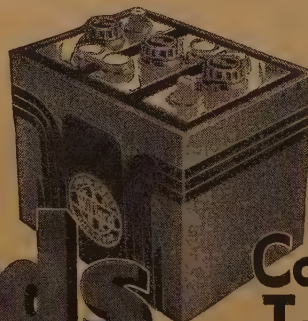
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## CURRENT BOOKS

**By Albert Linn Lawson**

TO FIND a book about a missionary which is more absorbing than any novel, more vivid than any book about faraway places, and more dramatic than any real-life story is an unusual experience. But that is just what we find in *Kenya Colony, Then and Now*, by Willis R. Hotchkiss (Revell, \$1.50). Mr. Hotchkiss is now one of the two oldest men in that African colony. He came to it when it was savage territory, roadless, wild, scourged by disease, ferocious beasts, and dense ignorance; he has seen it become a progressive, prosperous land of waving grain fields, modern towns, comfortable homes,—and the rapid spread, it goes without saying, of the Christian faith which he has so faithfully promoted throughout the years. The hardships he endured during the decades before the coming of the railway were almost incredible. All too often his remittances were late in reaching him, or failed to arrive entirely. At times he was literally without food; he tells of one occasion when he was forced to resort to the native white ants for sustenance. The faithfulness with which he endured all these deprivations, his skill and tact in gaining the confidence and good will of the natives, his constant devotion to the cause to which he was consecrated, are set forth so simply, yet so effectively that one can hardly lay the book down until it is finished. I have seen no book on missions which surpasses it in those vivid qualities so seldom found in such personal narratives.

The \$1000 Prize Book, "*Except Ye Repent*," by Dr. Harry A. Ironside of Chicago (American Tract Society, New York) seems on the way to starting a revival of religion. The book emphasizes individual and national repentance as the one great need of today. Not only Protestants, but Catholics and Jews have manifested an interest in the book. One prominent business man ordered 175 copies, enough for every Protestant clergyman, Catholic priest, Jewish rabbi and Social Worker in his city.

Of incalculable comfort and help in these troubled times is a little book entitled "*Let Us Have Love*," by August Hashagen (S. G. Fellerman, New York, \$1.25). The author is one who has lived long and experienced much; the result is that his book breathes the mellow, tolerant spirit which only years and wisdom bring. It was written, we are told, chiefly for circulation among his friends. But the reception accorded it prompted the publishers to bring out this larger edition, and we are glad to note that the general public has also accorded it welcome. The book reads like an autobiography; it is filled with wise, whimsical little observations upon life and its more difficult problems. To me, the spirit of the book is its

best feature, although the author's practical advice is very helpful. Tolerance, ability to see the other fellow's point of view, avoidance of bitterness and hate—in short a philosophy of *love*; these are not only the world's great needs, but its only possible salvation from the evils which now beset it.

I am usually suspicious of "new translations:" many of them are infantile, most of them useless. But *The New Testament: A Translation in the Language of the People*, by Dr. Charles B. Williams, (Bruce Humphries, Boston, \$2.00) is so gloriously different that to read it is to read a book you've never quite read before. I read it (through) last night, 'till 3 A.M.

Written not as a word-for-word translation but to interpret the thought rather than the deadly letter, the translator achieves a noble purpose: he puts the manna down where we can get it. For instance:

"Blessed are those who *feel poor* in spiritual things. . . ."

"I will not leave you helpless orphans. *I am coming back. . . .*"

"For now we see a dim reflection in a looking-glass. But then we shall see face to face . . . Then I shall know perfectly, as God knows me."

Every paragraph opens new vistas, every page new worlds. Losing nothing in beauty, it adds a universe in understanding. To read it is a spiritual experience.

### A Prize Contest

Arcadia House, whose wholesome fiction we have often commended, announces a nation-wide contest to select the young woman who best typifies the traditional Arcadia House heroine. Originating with the publication of "*All Is Bright*," a cruise romance by Eleanor Browne, the contest will extend until March 31, 1938.

The young woman whose 250-word letter is adjudged best will be awarded a trip to New York City, three days in New York as the guest of Arcadia House, an 18-day, all-expense cruise through the Caribbean on a modern American liner, and \$50.00 in cash. Dr. Daniel A. Poling has consented to act as one of the three judges.

For full information address Arcadia House, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Those of you who contemplate driving to Florida will find invaluable help in a little book entitled *Why Not Know Florida* (Drew Press, \$1.00.) I'll tell you more about this practical book next month.

Any book reviewed in these columns can be supplied by our Book Department at the publisher's price, if you cannot get it locally.





**BEFORE** *Unshaven and dirty, he came to the Bowery to hide*



*Clean again, he found courage and self respect* **AFTER**

**"IF A BROTHER OR SISTER BE NAKED, AND DESTITUTE OF DAILY FOOD, and one of you say unto them, DEPART IN PEACE, BE YE WARMED AND FILLED; NOTWITHSTANDING YE GIVE THEM NOT THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE NEEDFUL TO THE BODY; WHAT DOES IT PROFIT? EVEN SO FAITH, IF IT HATH NOT WORKS, IS DEAD, BEING ALONE."** James 2; 15,16,17.

**I**T IS for you who have not works that we write this page. The Bowery Mission needs friends, needs greater support for the work it is doing and for the increased work it could do if contributions were big enough. When you give to the work of the Bowery Mission you support a work for men who have come to New York from every part of the country.

If you have ever had any one near and dear to you leave home to try life in a big city, you know the anxiety of their bravery. If you have lost track of one dear to you, you appreciate the comfort in knowing that there are such Missions as the Bowery Mission. For there is even greater danger when there is hunger of soul than when there is hunger of body.

The Bowery Mission and its staff of workers devote their lives to men in distress; the hungry are fed, the homeless are given a bed and the jobless are sent out on jobs that come to our Employment Bureau. Good friends all over the country send clothing for those who are ragged—a shabby man has a harder time getting work. Washrooms are open to the men so that they can

keep their body and their clothing clean; a shoe-mending outfit makes it possible to re-sole old shoes; a barber keeps the men's hair cut. You would hardly know the same man as he comes out of the Mission an hour or so after a general clean-up job has been done for and by him.

We need new friends—our old ones are giving to their limit. Do you like the kind of work we are doing? Will you give part of your tithe for 1938 to the Bowery Mission? If you have not had our booklet, let us send you one; it will tell you more about the men who are lost unless Christian friends come to their rescue.

Feb. '38

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*Every Dollar Helps Save a Man*



(Continued from page 33)

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McCallum and he proceeded to outline his plan. Lincoln whose heart had been wrung for two years by the apparently insuperable difficulty of moving Union troops rapidly—with even half the rapidity with which Confederate armies were moved—began in spite of himself to be impressed. McCallum and Stanton made a great team. Their scheme was well worth trying. He gave them the authority they needed and went over to the White House for a few hours rest.

He was greeted in the morning by word of his brother-in-law's death, of wounds got at Chickamauga. He was Mary's brother, a Confederate. Mary was in New York and Lincoln telegraphed the news to her and was beginning a letter to Rosecrans when Seward, the Secretary of State, rushed in.

"Mr. Lincoln," Seward began at once, "the Minister to England has pledged the word of this government that \$10,000,000 in U. S. bonds shall be sent to London by the first steamer leaving New York after his request is received by the State Department here. The first steamer leaves New York on Monday and this is Friday."

"Great Jupiter! Is he buying those ironclads the British are building for the Confederates?" demanded Lincoln.

"He could send me only a few lines to catch the mail," explained Seward. "He says that if the British government orders the builders not to let those ironclads sail, they risk a huge suit for damages. But they will issue that order, pending investigation, if the United States will secure the damages by the deposit of \$10,000,000 in gold coin. He had to act instantly. Of course, he had no such sum, and the cable isn't working. But it seems an anonymous Englishman voluntarily deposited the sum. Adams has pledged its immediate return by you—that is, by our Treasury."

Lincoln came slowly to his feet. The notorious case of the ironclads had made war with England imminent. The two men stared at each other while the significance of this anonymous gesture sank into Lincoln's mind. "Have you sent word to the Treasury?"

"Mr. Chase is following me here," replied Seward. "And here he is."

The Secretary of the Treasury came in, and after greeting the President, he said, "It can't be done if we must be ready Monday. Did you telegraph the steamer to delay a day or so?"

"Yes, but it's an English ship and has to have its orders from London. The cable isn't working. They leave Monday noon with or without our bonds," replied Seward.

"Explain yourselves, gentlemen!" demanded Lincoln.

"I have brought the Register of the Treasury for that very purpose," Chase said. "Will you call him, please."

The Register, V. E. Chittenden, a Vermont lawyer came in. Lincoln greeted him affectionately. The Register was a friend of his.

Chittenden began by stating that the problem was unique in the history of the Treasury. The sum of \$10,000,000 must be made up by filling in, signing and sealing the bonds on hand, which were of small denominations. There was no time

to print others. This meant that 12,500 bonds must be signed before four o'clock Monday morning.

"We must either put off the time for sailing or the President must appoint you two or three assistants," declared Mr. Chase.

The President shook his head. "Minister Adams had some reason, legal or otherwise, for stipulating a certain time of sailing. We dare do nothing but live up to the demand. As for appointing persons to sign with the Register, that also is illegal. What's your record on speed, Mr. Chittenden?"

"I've done two to three thousand in a day—very exhausting it is, even when I write my name with a single movement of the pen. Ten signatures to the minute. But this has got to be done. I have something over sixty hours, if I take no time off for rest or sleep. You can see I've not a second to spare!"

He bowed himself out of the office.

Lincoln waited a moment to hear Chase and Seward agree that it couldn't be done. Then he went over to Stanton's office to see if the troops were moving. Stanton hadn't slept for twenty-four hours and he was as cross as a mangy dog. Troops from the Rapidan, he shouted to the President, would be entering Washington within ten hours to entrain on the B. & O. for Tennessee. Every half hour a fresh train would start, not to stop except for wood and water. At these halts, the commissary department would supply hot food to the soldiers, who never were to leave their cars en route.

The President listened, patted Stanton's shoulder, signed whatever documents were necessary, sent a telegram to Rosecrans and to Grant and returned to his own office. At two o'clock he went over to the Treasury Building.

Three clerks, an army surgeon and a negro employee were grouped around Chittenden. One clerk counted out bonds in groups of ten. Another slid the ten under his right hand. The third removed the signed bond the instant the pen was raised.

"Need you work so continuously?" asked the President.

"It's easier so," replied the surgeon. "His fingers stiffen if he pauses."

"Well, all the soldiers aren't in the army!" ejaculated Lincoln. Then realizing it was cruel to distract Chittenden's attention, he stood in silence by the window, watching. The flies were fearful, for the cold air was driving them into shelter. The Negro, Lewis, used a palm leaf to keep them off the Register. Lincoln sighed. What superb effort! Stanton and his soldiers. Chittenden and his bonds. Tennessee and Virginia black with dead Americans. And all, all unnecessary! All waste! All loss! And he, Abraham Lincoln, butcher-in-chief. Surely, surely war was not the only way!

Back to his office in the White House. The waiting room was packed with people waiting to see him. He finished with them about nine o'clock and settled to work on the speech he was to make at Gettysburg in November. He wrote a sentence and paused to think. When the fathers gave birth to the nation, could they have conceived that the North would have put into the field 800,000 men to fight the South? He dropped his pen, lifted his head to listen—the shuffling beat of marching men



—a sudden burst of band music! Meade's men were arriving at Washington. He seized his hat and went out; not to look at the soldiers destined for Tennessee, but at that solitary fighter in the Treasury Building.

Chittenden was beginning his tenth hour of work. He had slowed down noticeably. Lewis and the surgeon were still there but the three clerks had been replaced.

"See here! How late shall you keep this up?" demanded the President.

"If I keep going, I'll finish Sunday night," the Register answered.

"But Great Thunder!" shouted Lincoln, "Something shall and must be done about another Register."

"Take another Act of Congress. Congress won't meet for two months." Chittenden changed the position of his pen with a half suppressed groan.

"Somebody is crazy," remarked Lincoln. "I'm not sure but what it's Minister Charles Adams. Or Seward. Or me." He went away shaking his head, making for the War Office.

Stanton had a handkerchief tied around his head. It was saturated with his favorite cologne. "First troops entraining, Mr. Lincoln," he remarked sweetly. "I've made captains of all train dispatchers and station agents along the line, with orders to arrest any soldiers leaving the train or any person interfering. I've telegraphed Stone, at Cleveland, to take possession of railroads south of the Ohio and change their routing if necessary."

The War Office was a gigantic train-dispatcher's headquarters. Lincoln watched,

made a few suggestions, which Stanton ignored and then went back to the White House.

Soldiers marched all night. He could not sleep, and at four went over to the Treasury. Chittenden's dark head was still bowed over the pile of bonds. The surgeon was heating soup over one alcohol lamp, and a basin of water over the other. They had cut away the Register's shirt sleeves. As the President came in, Chittenden was lifted from his chair. One man fed him soup. The surgeon bathed and massaged his arm. He had been at work for sixteen hours, and except for inflamed arms, was in fairly good trim. Lincoln hovered over him solicitously.

"I should have had a shorter name, Cox, for example," chuckled the Vermonter.

"There should be some way round this," groaned Lincoln.

"No need! I'll get through. And what a world record!" picking up the pen again.

By whatever stupidity this demand on the Register had arisen, he was meeting it in a spirit that stirred Lincoln far more than the superb spectacle Secretary Stanton was staging. This quiet man, hidden away in an unknown corner of Washington, was offering all he had of endurance to make good Charles Adams' promise—for the nation. As the day wore on and Chittenden's discomfort increased to a not to be concealed agony, the stupidity of the cause only served, in Lincoln's mind to make the Chittenden a noble figure. He wished Adams had not insisted on absolute secrecy. This was the sort

of thing that ought to be written into history in words of gold.

Stanton had got all his soldiers moving by Saturday afternoon. A caravan six miles long was whirling them over the mountains. Lincoln received the report absent-mindedly. It was a good job—but over in the Treasury Building a something born of spirit was keeping a man at work when by all the tenets of the flesh he could no longer work. They walked him up and down. They gave him stimulants. They talked to him to keep him awake. The slow hours dragged on and still that firm hand signed the bonds. Saturday crept away. At dawn, on Sunday, two thousand bonds remained to be signed. Chittenden's hand was drawn out of shape. But he paused only to receive the surgeon's care.

At eleven o'clock Sunday morning, when Lincoln again visited him, Chittenden was in a coma, but he still signed his name. They shoved the last pile of ten bonds under his pen just as the clock struck twelve—noon. The Register completed them, and was bundled at once into a carriage to be taken home. He was never again to recover normal use of his hand.

The President, hands clasped behind him, strolled thoughtfully in the White House gardens. Here John Hay found him and gave him a message from Stanton. The first reinforcements had reached Chattanooga. The Army of the Cumberland was saved. Lincoln looked off over the marshes to the silver flow of the Potomac and said, quietly, "I will strengthen thee, Yea, I will help thee, Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteous-ness."



# Home on the Run!

UNEXPECTED things are forever happening to the best of housewives! You're milling around in the millinery department—or seeing the news reel over—when suddenly dinner-time sneaks up on you. It's *home on the run*—and thank Heinz for those tins of Cooked Spaghetti on your quick-feast shelf! Before your husband has the headlines scanned, you open a tin—pour the luscious tomato-sauced strands into a casserole—and heat in the oven. Add bits of leftover meats, if you wish. You'll win a round of applause that will cause you to feature

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(Continued from page 31)



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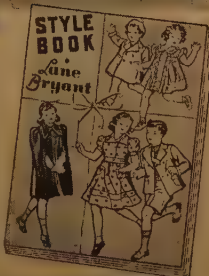
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But most of us succeed in holding our chins up, without needing any prop or very much encouragement. We know what we can do, and we like to do it. No one is a consistently good performer all the way through, but all of us have our moments—our most brilliant mental gift or our most substantial creative mood, for instance—and accepting it blandly as our norm, forgetting how often we lapse from it, then there we are in the abyss of vanity, prepared to watch our neighbors with eager and pleased attention for all the things they do amiss, for their bad manners and their poor workmanship, and at first inwardly, then openly condescending to the unfortunate wretches because their worst falls so far short of our best.

We must never deny our best. But we must never overlook our worst. We may not be able to overlook our neighbors' worst, since we have to live in a world modified by its consequences. But we must never deny their best, either. And we must compare like with like—their best with our best, their worst with our worst. If we follow that rule, we shall have no grounds for conceit, which is contempt of others, nor for defeatism, which is contempt of ourselves. In that direction stretches the rope we have to walk, keeping our balance with unflinching caution, if we would be sane and sober, sound of heart, engaging to friends, and dependable in performance.

It is childish to harp forever on what we are and where we came from and how much we have and what we can do. And, even if we do so only to ourselves, some reflection of this mind-tone will inevitably appear in our manners, corrupting courtesy with poisonous disdain. There is something in the notion, after all, that when we give ourselves airs we are covering up the fact that we are frightened, and reassuring ourselves. That is why children boast. They live in a world which they have barely begun to understand, so they parade what little they are fairly sure of in order to keep what they are unsure of at a safe distance. And children are readily deceived by appearances, so they like the glory which consists in pomp and circumstance. They love to play at being kings and queens, not having yet discovered that even kings and queens are mortal, and sometimes very unhappy mortals at that.

But we are supposed to be grown up. We ought to understand the world well enough at least to know where we stand in it and what the ground is like under our feet, even though much beyond the immediate remains a mystery. We ought to see through appearances, and perceive that pomp and circumstance, wealth or ancestors, degrees or the Social Register, books and clothes, have nothing whatever to do with authentic glory, which is a matter of character demonstrated in conduct and by honest tasks well done. Adult minds have no room in them for the low kind of high thoughts.

The Greek verb St. Paul used, which we have translated "to think highly," conveys a double suggestion. For it can also mean "to think overmuch." Perhaps it is in part because we think too much about ourselves, that we are so easily tempted to think more highly of ourselves

than we ought. And it is not altogether our fault that we think first of ourselves in most connections. Though in varying degrees, all human minds are egocentric. When the degree is by our very constitution so advanced that we belong to the type of people who never spontaneously get outside of themselves, so to speak, our problem at this point is a difficult one.

But there is a solution. There is just one thing that can lift the egocentric man out of his rut, and that is to lose himself in some absorbing enthusiasm. So falling in love is a means of salvation for some people—salvation from perpetually plodding around in the tedious treadmill of thinking about themselves. Patriotism is another such means of salvation. But the best of all, more enduring than the first ardors of romantic sentiment, and outlasting the hard knocks which so often bring the patriot to disillusionment, is a genuinely religious sense of life, and a religious purpose in living.

When he proffered the good advice in our text, St. Paul was writing to Christians who had already paid a price for their faith, and were ready to pay a steeper-price, in an age which looked upon the followers of the crucified Nazarene as dangerous radicals. They knew what would save them from vanity; and, if they had not known before, the Apostle told them. It was to stake everything on their service to Christ, whose Kingdom of worldwide peace and righteousness must be brought in. To that end every least task in the daily routine of living would contribute, provided it was performed well and unselfishly as part of the complex and infinitely detailed undertaking of preparing for a better world order. It did not matter whether a man had the best job or the worst job or a job in between, either in the Church or in secular society. Provided he did the meanest job with all his heart, he amounted to as much as the man who occupied the loftiest position. And conversely, even the highly-placed man could at best claim no more than to have done his job as admirably as the faithful little man had done his, both jobs being necessary. So neither discouragement nor pride nor any other self-regarding attitude was called for, but only a wholehearted consecration of one and all to the One in whom their common trust and hope reposed.

Have we a less religious view of life than the Roman Christians in the first century? Certainly the Gospel is as true as ever. And as much as ever the world still needs the kind of service which can be rendered for its betterment only by men and women to whom the Gospel has come in full force. Taken to heart, it is a mighty lever lifting us out of ourselves, alike out of our heavy depressions and our heady excitements of self-satisfaction, and setting us free from all shackles of self-regard to walk in the light of God upon the road which Jesus trod, leading to the fulness of life eternal. If we would so think of ourselves as to think soberly, we have but to embrace that saving truth with all our souls. And presently we shall not be thinking of ourselves at all, save in side-glances, as it were, when we shall see ourselves objectively as we really are, and rejoice that, poor as we are, God will use us, and, faulty as we are, God loves and will preserve us evermore.



(Continued from page 17)

looked at the General's firm mouth. He muttered—

"You're a funny guy. What does it matter to us if strikes are bad—or good—for the country?"

The General spoke with sudden vehemence. "It matters a tremendous lot," he said. "Mr. Doe, men have walked through snow, deeper than this, in bare feet, to preserve the thing you're tearing down. They've fought Indians. They've known hunger—and disease. They've watched their women and children die of privation. I must make you understand that this nation isn't something to be taken lightly. It's been won by blood and sweat and agony and prayer. And if there's any citizen who thinks it's unimportant—"

"Here's one that does," said John Doe brashly. "Hey, General, *watch out!*"

For the General had risen from his chair and was standing—a solemn figure with his hand tensed on a sword hilt.

"Be very careful, Mr. Doe," said the General. "You're making light of something sacred . . . You're making light of a land that's more than just towns and cities—and meadows and mountains and trees. *You're making light of something bigger than you are—*"

The General paused—his hand still on his sword hilt—and the man who had jokingly called himself John Doe stared up into a pair of grave eyes. He tried to think of something flippant to say—but to his surprise the eyes went through him, peering into the meagerness of a soul that would promote strife for personal gain. The eyes probed into him—sharper than the General's sword. And suddenly John Doe was afraid and—in some odd, unexplainable way—ashamed.

"Say, who are you, mister," he stammered in a low voice, "who are you, anyway?"

And then, as if through a cloud, he heard the voice of his hostess. "Here's your coffee, Mr. Doe," said the voice. "I'm sorry I was so long, but I had a phone call from my husband, praise God!" She hesitated, and then—"Why, Mr. Doe," she exclaimed, "have you been asleep?"

The man from the big city raised his glance, almost furtively, to the face of the minister's wife. He wanted to yawn, but he didn't—or couldn't. He said—

"Lady, is this house haunted?"

Mrs. Sellers set a tray down upon the table. "It's old enough to be haunted," she said slowly, "but it isn't . . . Once this place was Washington's headquarters, you know. He stayed here for several weeks during that ghastly winter campaign."

The man stared stupidly into the woman's face. "Oh, yeah?" he managed. And then—almost before he knew it—he was on his feet. "I've gotta go," he managed.

"But," the woman was protesting, "how about your coffee? And the road to Washington's Crossing isn't safe—really it isn't! Why, my husband just said—"

The man who called himself John Doe interrupted her flood of warning.

"That's all right, lady," he said, "I'm not going on to the Crossing—tonight or any time. Let those factory workers stay contented. I should worry!"



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# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY



Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.



FEBRUARY 6

## Challenging the Social Order

MARK 2:13-22

THE terseness and swift movement of Mark's Gospel bring us quickly to a second and a third charge brought against Jesus by those who saw in His ministry a threat to their own seldom disturbed leadership. They had recently charged Him with blasphemy when He had healed the palsied man. Now they find Him consorting with sinners and despised persons.

This new situation began with the call of Levi (Matthew), a gatherer of taxes, who was seated near the toll house when Jesus approached. We are amazed at the brevity of the narrative,—only two words spoken by Jesus, none by Levi. This leads us to suppose that Levi had known the message of Jesus before, and that his heart had been prepared for a sudden conversion.

Why was Levi's conversion notable? He is spoken of as a tax-gatherer, or publican, one of a class much despised. "The tax-gatherers were vile and degraded, not only by the Jews, but all over the Roman Empire. The secret of this was that the taxes were collected, not by the paid agents of the government, but by officers who themselves paid the government for the privilege, and then reimbursed themselves by extortion and fraud. They let it out to others, and these to still a third class, who were selected generally from the inhabitants of the province, because their knowledge of the people would expedite their work." (Gould, *The Gospel of Mark*.) It was to this last class that Levi belonged.

Levi's call reminds us that no man's lowly position in sin is a barrier to him when once the Saviour takes hold of him and he takes hold of the Saviour. Levi stepped quickly from a place of dishonor to one of honor, for he became one of the few close followers of Jesus, one of the twelve disciples.

A second revolutionary action. If Jesus struck out at social custom in calling a publican as one of His followers, He added to the situation by dining at Levi's house with other well-known "publicans and sinners." "The Scribes would not even associate with the common people for fear of defilement," and for Jesus to do so was a great discredit to Him in their sight. But the Master made of the incident a chance to declare a great truth. In substance He said, "I am a physician. My business is with those who are sick. I cannot heal the sick if I associate only with those who are well. I am the Saviour. My salvation is for sinners. I cannot accomplish my mission as Saviour if I mingle only with so-called righteous persons. I must reach the sinners whom I came to save."

A third charge answered. Still different was the third complaint of Jesus' enemies. They were angry because of His attitude toward the forms and ceremonies of religion. The Law required one fast a year, but the rabbis had so increased the number that to fast was now an empty form.

The answer which Jesus gave to their question had two parts: (1) Fasting, or any other religious rite, ought to be an expression of the religious feeling of the worshipper at the time. Fasting is not an accompaniment of joy, but of sorrow, and if one is joyful, fasting is out of place. (2) The following of any observance such as fasting is not in accord with the spirit of the new dispensation introduced by Jesus. Judaism was full of forms and ceremonies. Christianity is singularly free from them. "The thought in the two parables is of the incompatibility of the new and the old. On an old garment one does not sew a patch of new unshrunk cloth, which will tear or pull the old cloth as soon as it gets wet, nor does one put new wine into old and brittle wineskins, which, when it ferments, will burst the skins." (Moffatt, *New Testament Commentary*.) The reference is to the custom of using leathern bottles, made of skins, for carrying wines. When new, these skins are strong, but when old, they become thin and will easily break under the pressure of fermenting wine.

Is Christianity too formal today? Every class should seek to get to the heart of this question. Is the church of our day guilty of the very things which Jesus decried?

### Questions for Class Discussion

1. How far should a Christian today "consort with sinners?"
2. What despised persons of your acquaintance have been converted?
3. What forms and ceremonies used in the church today would you defend?
4. What forms and ceremonies used in the church make little appeal to you?

FEBRUARY 13

## Conserving the Sabbath for Man

MARK 2:23 TO 3:16

### An Obstacle or a Stepping-Stone

IT IS not surprising that the critical Pharisees, having already had three complaints against Jesus, should find a fourth in His violation of the Sabbath Law. The Law was plain in that no work should be done on the Sabbath. But the Pharisees had added a classification of thirty-nine primary acts of labor, no one of which could be done on the Sabbath. This was what brought an obstacle to the Master and His disciples, but which He

(Continued on page 60)



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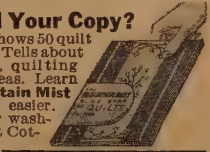
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(Continued from page 30)

a total yield of \$128,802,000. It costs the United States government, on a conservative estimate, \$339,570,000 to maintain our Far Eastern policy, or about three times the profits from our trade and investments.

What Are Japan's Chances For Success?

There are a considerable number of writers on Far Eastern problems who insist that Japan will be the heaviest loser, whether she wins or loses the present war. They argue that success cannot be gained by destroying purchasing power, disrupting trade, and sowing ill will. They further believe that Japan is well on the way toward destroying her civilian organization, her business and her cultural leadership.

Each year, since the "Manchurian incident" in 1931, the Japanese Government has found it necessary to issue bonds, equal to one-third of the total budget in order to meet current costs.

In 1937-38, she anticipates a total expenditure of 5,400 million yen, covered by only 2,160 million non-borrowed revenue, requiring an unprecedented issue of "red-ink" bonds. There is the possibility that the war will continue for many months with mounting costs. The cost of living has risen thirty per cent while wages and salaries have fallen, creating strikes and general social unrest among the people.

Can Japan succeed? The odds are certainly against her. Even Japanese business men and other competent persons declared before the outbreak of the present struggle that Japan had no considerable capital for investment in China.

America has traditionally been a friend of China. Recent events have aroused our sympathies and deepened our friendship. At the same time, a growing resentment and hatred for Japan has been evident. This should not be. Let us not forget that the Japanese people voted almost three to one for a liberal foreign policy and against the military clique. Let us remember that the common people of Japan do not know what is happening in China, nor do they know that their leaders stand condemned by twenty-two nations of the world. Let us remember, that under an iron rule which has summarily executed conscripts who refuse to fight, there is an influential minority of liberal Japanese, non-Christian as well as Christian, who are bitterly opposed to the invasion of China, but who do not dare to voice a word of protest, lest they forfeit their liberty or their lives. Fear and rigid censorship have combined to isolate them from the outside world. We know nothing of how intolerable and unbearable must be their lot. They deserve our sympathy and need our friendship.

The terrible wrong that Japan's "gunmen" have done to China is a sure symptom of the "moral anaemia" of her present leaders. It is a clear indication of their pitiable need. In the face of such moral bankruptcy Christians will not express their outraged feelings in terms of hate. It is rather a challenge to us to cultivate that Christlike attitude of hating the *wrong* and not the *wrong-doer* lest we become guilty of fostering prejudice and hatred that make for distrust and misunderstanding among nations.



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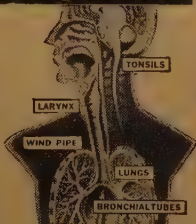
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(Continued from page 58)

transformed into a chance to proclaim truth, a stepping-stone to progress in His ministry.

The details of the occurrence are few. The company proceeded through fields of standing grain; it was the Sabbath day; the disciples plucked off some of the ripe grain, husked it by rubbing it in their hands, and ate it. This they were allowed to do (see Deut. 23:25) at any time *except on the Sabbath*. Plucking the grain came under the head of reaping, and rubbing it out of the husk came under the head of threshing, and reaping and threshing were both prohibited under the thirty-nine primary acts of labor. And the Pharisees made strong objection.

Jesus did not argue the question as to whether the disciples really *were* reaping and threshing. That might have accomplished something, but not all of what He intended. He asked the Pharisees a question from the Scripture itself. I Sam. 21:1-7 gives the account about David who, when fleeing from Saul, went to the priest at Nob to ask for bread for his hunger. Because of the emergency of physical hunger the priest gave to David the holy loaves from the table of shewbread which none but the priests was allowed to eat.

Why did Jesus cite this historic example, well known to the Pharisees? That He might draw from it the truth which all His hearers needed to know, that interpretations of the law should always be subordinate to human needs.

### The Sabbath Was Made for Man

These words constitute the high point of the lesson. Jesus meant to have men of all time believe that the Sabbath was a blessing, not a burden; a day of high privilege, not of inhibition and restraint. Or, as Edersheim puts it, "The Sabbath is handed over to you; not, ye are handed over to the Sabbath."

This is not to be taken to mean that man can do as he will on this day. Many selfish individuals have seized upon these words as a defense for any and all liberties. From the one extreme of the Pharisees in permitting nothing to be done however great the benefits to mankind, these desecrations have gone to the other extreme of justifying any action on the ground that "it helps man." Jesus by no means abolished the Sabbath, or relinquished His hold on it by declaring it to be made for man. Indeed, He said at once, "The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath."

At once the Master had a chance to put into practice His principle of doing good on the Sabbath. In the synagogue was a man whose arm and hand were paralyzed and helpless. He was not in danger of death; the case could have waited until the next day. But it was a straight case of need, and offered the chance to join a much-needed teaching to a much-needed blessing. Jesus accepted the challenge. Without arguing whether healing was labor, Jesus raised the larger issue: Is it right or wrong to do a good deed on the Sabbath? He had already stated the principle; now He proceeded to apply it, performing a quick and unpretentious miracle which might have been unim-

(Continued on page 69)

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(Continued from page 24)

would do, so she and her companions would not be burned to death. Wasting no time in apprehension, or nerves, or fumbling, she just did what she had to do, and did it cleanly.

That was March 19. Early in May I saw AE in New York. She had the least personal interest of anyone I know in recalling past history and even as I said the words I knew they would bore her, but I couldn't withhold a slight exclamation, when I met her: "Well, if I'm not glad to see you all in one piece! Weren't you lucky, in Honolulu?"

And she did what I have often seen her do, when anything was said about narrow escapes, her own or anyone's else. Her eyes widened in a kind of wonder, she laughed lightly, in the humorous way of a person who just misses being caught in a revolving door. Yet I have never thought of that incident on Luke Field without thinking also of the proverb that God does seem to help those who help themselves!

She said to me once that her flights didn't require courage. But I think she meant they didn't require courage, simply because fear was not one of her emotions; and I suppose that perhaps psychologically it is necessary to know fear before one can supply courage.

Sometimes, if people hammered at her and insisted that she must use some quality which at least resembled courage, she would explain, diffidently that when she was on a major flight she had too much to do to be frightened. "A pilot really can't keep a chart of pulse and temperature," she would say, laughing.

Well, AE's book was well under way when she took off, and she was faithful about sending back sections of material for it as it went along. She was going to call it, simply, "World Flight." The title has been changed to "Last Flight."

Somehow I still cannot believe it.

That day in the patio, as I sat reading those letters and notes, and watching that silver transport overhead, emblematic of a service which surely AE had her part in inspiring, along with all the others who have contributed to it out of their faith in aviation, somehow I could still not master the *sense* that AE is actually gone.

Perhaps it is because she was that kind of person who will incontrovertibly live on. The simple, genuine, responsible kind of person which the world is a little better for having contained, and which it can never really lose.

Somewhere in the Pacific Ocean region there is locked the remainder of AE's last entry in her diary, which came back by mail from Lae, New Guinea.

"Not much more than a month ago I was on the other shore of the Pacific, looking westward," she wrote. "This evening, I look eastward over the Pacific.

... In those fast moving days. . . the whole width of the world has passed behind us. . . except this broad ocean. I shall be glad when we have the hazards of its navigation behind us. . . "

If the rest of that day's record never comes to light, one thing I'm as sure of as if I'd watched her go.

AE went on to Tomorrow, serenely and without fear.

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(Continued from page 27)

made nearly 500 pastoral calls on members of his congregation.

The study, where usually the minister can be found, is a large, comfortable book-filled room, carpeted in thick wine-red that is matched by long draperies at the many windows. There are deep chairs, a long divan facing a wood-burning fireplace, where logs are always ready for a match's touch. There are about 2,000 volumes in the paneled library and 1,500 more in Dr. Stafford's home library. The study is on the fourth floor of the church, reached by elevator. When the great door swings shut, the minister is inaccessible. Like a Young Man Who went into the mountains to pray he knows the value of privacy.

There are about fifty occasions during the year when the minister of Old South Church gives addresses away from his own pulpit, either in the city or out of it. Colleges and seminaries and convention halls seek him. His speaking engagements necessitate his being away from home on an average of one Sunday each month. During July, August and September he leaves Boston for a vacation. With a trunk full of books, he goes to London and Cambridge for two months, where he averages six hours a day of solid reading. His wife and children—Ann who is thirteen and Tommy who is nine—spend that interval in the country. The family meet to spend the last vacation month together.

During nine months of the year, the illustrious clergyman is the executive head of a great industry. When the Parish House, which is an annex to the old church, was being erected, he insisted that it be as comfortable as any theater. For instance, the amount of money spent on plumbing might have astonished a less practical minister. The annex has two ladies' retiring rooms, equipped with couches and comfortable chairs; beautifully furnished guild rooms whose rose and greens blend cheerily; a kitchen whose iceless refrigeration, shining glass and copper and aluminum would make any chef toss his tall white cap in the church-supper ring; a board room where the arm chairs sit in informal majesty around a great table, as though intended for bank directors or railroad dictators.

"After all, our people spend a great deal of time at the church. Therefore, it should be beautiful and useful. A church must be more than a preaching station," he asserts.

With contagious enthusiasm he will show you the Gordon library and reading room where a piano, deep chairs and many books are an inducement to the parish to gather. At the foot of the stairs, up which wedding processions come, he will point out the pier glass where the brides may adjust their veils. He will show you the mirror in the ushers' room where they may see if their ties are straight. He will call your attention to the checkrooms that are as modern as those in any hotel. No one need have his hat or coat stolen at church!

Into Boston Dr. Stafford has carried the challenge of a workable, every-day Christianity. Today his church has a Student Department, composed of several hundreds of young people from the colleges

(Continued on page 64)

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and mail it with name and address to W. S. Rice, Inc., 16 N. Main St., Adams, N. Y. You will receive absolutely free and no obligation a genuine sample bottle of Lymphol and full particulars of the amazing Support with which Lymphol is used for control of reducible Rupture that is bringing a new ease, comfort and freedom to thousands who have suffered for years.

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# We take better care of animals!

**H**UDDLED together in a wind-sheltered corner seven men tried to keep from freezing to death; two of the seven were sons of farmers. Leaving the farm for the city was a lark a few months back—tonight it was a mad nightmare.

You cannot blame them if bitterness crept into their hearts: a hatred for all men, for they knew that back on the farm they took better care of their animals.

It is at just such time as this that a young man



needs the comfort and advice of a friend. Shall we leave them to the wolves of men that prowl the streets for just such easy prey or shall we send out our messengers to gather them in? The Bowery Mission's light shines far down the long streets of the Bowery but it cannot hope to reach the side streets and alleys of the nearby slums.

It is down such streets in the hours between night and dawn that the Mission's pastor walks ever in search of sheep that have gone astray; it is for these lost ones that the Mission's Chapel is

*Every cent helps—give what you can.*



kept heated all night, and that a steaming pot of coffee is kept ready for service.

It was on such a street that St. John found one who was dirty to the point of disgust. A graduate of a medical university and a member of the American Medical Association. He brought him back to the Mission, cleaned him up and after putting him back on his feet placed him in charge of the Mission's Clinic.

When we felt that he had regained confidence in himself, we got him a job in a hospital. He lasted two weeks and then he was back on the Bowery. Again we straightened him out—again he went back to drinking. We took him to a psychiatrist and hoped we could have him put away but they found him sane so society set him free to drink himself to death. Where he is today, we do not know, but someday he'll come back to the Bowery and once more we will help him make his fight against the enemy.

Help us to lend our strength to those who in weakness or bitterness have become enemies to society and to themselves. Let us befriend them, feed them and give them a place to sleep—

**LET US FIGHT FOR THEM AND NOT LEAVE THEM TO THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION.**

**Some there are who will always need our strength; the two farmer boys needed an understanding friend to send them back home.**

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## Millions of Children with Whooping Cough

### RELIEVED OF SUFFERING THIS EASY EXTERNAL WAY

The treatment which most doctors today prescribe for whooping cough is just plain fresh air—not a lot of dosing. But whatever may be the treatment, no child should be allowed to suffer the terrific strain on muscles of the chest, stomach and back which comes from spasms of whooping cough. The world-famous way to ease this strain is to rub in a palmful of Roche's English Embrocation, which is a safe, external aid. It soothes the strained muscles, eases congestion, helps to loosen phlegm. Millions have paid \$1.90 a bottle for Roche's Embrocation. It must be good! At your druggist.

(Continued from page 62)

that surround the city. Three months after coming to Boston, Dr. Stafford started the custom of giving the students a weekly supper, for which a quarter was charged. There were no devotionals.

"Shouldn't we begin to have a prayer and scriptural reading?" an older person asked the young clergyman.

"Wait!" he cautioned. "The boys and girls will ask for devotionals of their own volition. That will be better."

Very soon the requests began. Now a capable student director, recruited from one of the theological seminaries as a part-time member of the church staff, attends to this part of the church organization.

There is a consulting psychologist on the church staff, who devotes two days a week to assisting people who need advice in the adjusting of their private relationships. A trained woman, who serves as the parish caller, also has the position of director of a Social Service department, which cares for more material needs. A Child Study Group; a woman's branch of the Guild, and a Men's Club in the church, which the minister claims is the finest organization of its kind with which he ever has had contact, are indicative of the growth of the church influence in the community.

The Church School, closely allied to the church proper, has gained the admiration of the whole city. All teachers are paid. Men and women, trained in pedagogy in the lay system, and for the most part actively engaged in school teaching, compose the staff. They teach, assign home work, grade the children, passing or failing them as they deserve.

"The Church school is considered a special feature of Boston and we have a long waiting list," says the church minister. "I insist on a sound Bible training and we sing good, strong hymns, no other songs!"

Of youth within the church today, Dr. Stafford says: "Youth is more honest than it was formerly. It dissents with its elders but among themselves boys and girls are stricter than the older generation were. Youth today is better informed on sex questions and current problems, which is splendid for it makes it less sentimental.

"Young people today are far more responsive to the intelligent presentation of the Scriptures than they were twenty-five years ago. When their parents were young, it was considered smart to be cynical about religion. That attitude, which many parents still retain, is considered passeé by the children. Now they are religious and the parents are not."

Dr. Stafford, who is six feet two inches tall, weighs 205 pounds. His brown hair is greying, his eyes are blue, and his shoulders are broad. Though his closest interest is in the church he leads he has had time for other services, too. He is president of the board of Trustees of both Anatolia College and Emerson College of Oratory. He is a trustee of Drury College and Piedmont College. His membership is in the University, Authors', Book Review, John Robinson, Winthrop and Ministers' clubs of Boston. He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in addition to that early book has written, "Christian Humanism," and "Religion Meets the Modern Mind."

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**FREE TRIAL**



(Continued from page 39)

give it. It does so much. I sometimes think of it as an exact modern example of the parable of the feeding of the five thousand. Only, of course, it feeds so many more. In the year 1936-37, for instance, it served 153,680 meals. If you reckon 10 cents for each one of those meals, it means that \$15,368.00 was spent on meals alone at the Mission.

I suppose it is because warmth, and being dry in time of storm, and having shelter, are the dearest creature comforts of mankind that winter seems the crucial time of all the year for the Mission.

Of course the thing we ought to do is to think of the Bowery Mission in terms of 12 months in the year, for its work never ceases, and people could never manage to give to the Mission more than the calls upon it make use for. But think of it for a moment in terms of the winter.

They call the Bowery,—oh, ever so aptly,—the street of forgotten men. That is, the men who drift to it are forgotten by everybody but Dr. St. John and his staff and those of you who remember them with your money and prayers. It is a curious thing, but Dr. St. John tells me that a lot of quite young men drift to that street, who have come to New York looking for work, and who have eventually sought the Bowery because they have heard of it and have somehow got the idea that it is an adventurous, exciting place!

Well, it is adventurous and exciting all right, but in the grimmest way in the world. I have gone down to the Mission of a rainy, murky Sunday afternoon, when the streets that lead to it from the Park where I live were nothing but aisles of mysterious, foreboding dirty violet grey, and, as I walked along, I wondered if I would get back alive, or be held up, maybe bludgeoned to death because someone thought I had a few pennies in my pocket of which they could rob me to buy a pot of "smoke". That is the kind of adventurousness the district has. I have seen men standing in doorways, staring out on the world with cruel, sinister eyes. And I have heard young boys, herding along together in small, sinister gangs, speaking a language which I am only able to comprehend because in the first years in which I was a newspaper reporter I covered Police Headquarters, and I found out that it is no idle joke, the saying that "it takes all kinds to make a world." Heaven knows I am no reformer, and I wouldn't make a good preacher, but I have wanted to say to those youngsters—younger than my own son,—"Oh get away from here, while you can! This street, which will take away everything from you, and give you nothing in return, but misery and anguish, maybe even death, before it is through with you!"

But there are those who never get away from the street in time. Or who come to it when it seems there is no other place which will accept them. And it is for them that the Bowery Mission exists. Sometimes it is possible to wish that the world could be so changed that there would be no need for such places as the Bowery Mission. In the meanwhile, we can only be glad that there are.

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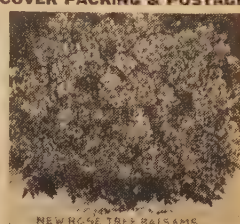
Plants branch freely, flowering on long stems quite hardy, blooms until late fall, then can be potted for winter flowers. **Mixed Colors. Test Packet 25 Seeds**



### Giant Morning Glories... NEW STRAIN FOR POTS

Flowers of giant size, recommended for pots or window boxes but can be grown outside as a vine.

Claimed if runners are pinched off 2 or 3 times plants will form dwarf compact shape and produce giant flowers. (See photo). Seeds mixed and produce shades and colors such as sky-blue, red flaked white, pink, purple and others. **Test Packet 12 Seeds.**



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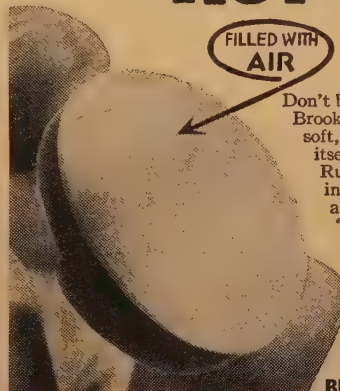
We will mail 3 Test Packets, one of each as described, to one person in a family only, if 2 STAMPS are enclosed to cover Packing and Postage... Canada 10c.

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(Continued from page 21)



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Send me the Marigold Seeds checked below, postpaid.

☐ Special Packet, Burpee Gold Marigold with Odorless Foliage, 30 Seeds for 10c

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☐ Special—All 4 Odorless-Foliage Marigolds, 200 Seeds of each, \$1.

Enclosed is \$.....

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☐ Send Burpee's 1938 Seed Catalog free.

From each plant a leaf was plucked, crumbled between the fingers, then a deep smell. Plenty of smell, for these marigold leaves were rich in that bitter oil which belongs to the turpentine family.

Particularly fed up with his job was a young student from Cornell. He struck one afternoon, walked in around three and said, "I'm through with marigold smell. I'm leaving right now, unless there is something else to do on this farm." That worried Bill Hoag for David Burpee's orders had to be carried through. If one lad quit, it might start a strike among the boys that were sick of the job and he would lose many well-trained men. Bill Hoag has a smooth persuasive tongue and he used it on that young man. He sent the boy home for the day but urged him to try again. Cornell came back. Early morning found him crawling his row.

Suddenly great excitement. Cornell was jumping up and down, waving his arms and shouting in all directions. The crew came running, convinced the boy was out of his head. On close range, they heard him yelling, "I've found it! Not one, but a whole row."

So he had, and to make things even better, the plants were not only odorless but proved to be perfect specimens.

All workers at the farm, about fifty men and women, rushed out to sniff and marvel over the second marigold smelling sweet as babies' breath. But how in the world, Mr. Burpee wanted to know, had this fine row of marigolds missed his glance? That, it proved, was a little story in itself.

Quite some years before on an inspection trip in England, David Burpee spied the finest marigold he had ever seen. A gorgeous thing it was with a carnation-like flower introduced in England under the name of Guinea Gold. Wanting to be the first grower to offer it in America, he placed a large order for seeds.

More than 30,000 plants of Guinea Gold grew at Floradale. Each one was examined individually; only thirty seemed ideal. These were caged under muslin to keep the bees out thus preventing cross pollination. To test the blood of these individuals, thirty rows of seeds were grown, one row of each plant. None came perfect and the test was started over again. Best plants from these, about 200, were muslin-covered again against the visits of the bees. Seeds were gathered and the following spring one row was grown from each of these 200 individuals. These in turn were studied and minutely examined for uniformity, blooming dates, height, color, size, shape. Out of the lot, there were two rows of which every plant seemed to be identical.

These two grand-children of the same plant appeared twins on first examination, being truly identical in every thing except the odor of the leaf, and no one had thought to examine them for this. The discovery came when the boy from Cornell snipped off a leaf, crumpled it and could hardly believe his weary nose wasn't out of joint.

One row had foliage with oil glands in the back side of the leaves just like other marigolds. Its twin had oil sacs plainly to be seen but only rudimentary and non-functioning, without the bad smelling oil.

Mr. Burpee calls his odorless find, Burpee Gold. It is a vast improvement over popular Guinea Gold, a flower every one loves in spite of its trickiness.

Now for a moment, let's turn to Crown of Gold whose appearance created such a horticultural to-do at last year's National Flower Show. This month when the show opens, Crown of Gold will be back again with children at her side. These are Yellow Crown and King's Ransom. Yellow Crown is a pure canary yellow, King's Ransom, a golden orange about half way the color between Yellow Crown and Crown of Gold. These children are more robust than their parent, the foliage is heavier, the plants are larger, so are the flowers. The foliage is odorless, the leaves entirely free of oil sacs.

Now the gardener can take his choice of four odorless marigolds, the only four in the entire world. Something else exciting in the marigold line comes to bid for honor in the flower world this spring. This is a French marigold variation, Flaming Fire by name, that blooms in mixed colors on a single plant—some flowers may be yellow, some mahogany red, some a medley mix. And more strange to relate, these may vary from day to

## HOMES AT PENNEY FARMS

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day, or week to week.

No matter where you live in the United States, one or all of these five marigolds will grow easily in your garden. Marigolds are one of our best all-around garden flowers. They grow in hot sections as vigorously as in the temperate zone and naturally so, for they are natives of Mexico and the southwest. There is a legend that when Cortez conquered Mexico City he found there the oldest Botanical Garden in the world. In this garden Montezuma, the native ruler, had marigolds in bloom. Their color so impressed the Spaniards, perhaps because gold was the object of their voyage, that some of the seeds were carried back to Spain. Being a flower easy to grow from seed, it thrived in the Old World and spread itself every where. Eventually all Europe was familiar with its golden head. Peasants invariably chose its radiant bloom to lay on the altar of the Virgin Mary, calling it Mary's Gold. From that coinage legend tells us marigold takes its name.



(Continued from page 50)

amber-colored curls escaped from their orderly arrangement. For the first time in months she had a party feeling. Half smiling she expected to see a birthday cake with pink candles suddenly appear, though it wasn't anybody's birthday.

Martha, in grey with a gipsy girdle of green and red and yellow, was quiet, but her eyes were brighter than they had been for a long time, Julie thought fleetly. You couldn't put your finger on the spot, but somewhere Martha shone.

Natalie was conventionally courteous. She ignored the scene which had distinguished her last meeting with Julie and Martha, the night that her chauffeur had fatally injured a small boy.

So the perfect courses of the dinner were served, and the group came back to the firelight for their demi-tasses, and the conversation took a serious turn. Maybe it was because the wind howled more madly at the windows and there was a dull roaring somewhere, as the river beat against its barrier.

"About time you got your real berth back on the paper, isn't it, Maxwell?" someone asked Terry. "How have you stood it?"

"It's a pretty good job," he answered, and his voice was too carefully polite. Julie glanced at him quickly.

"What? Old Terry going religious on us?" somebody else exclaimed.

"What's the matter with that?" he asked. "I've discovered a lot of mighty fine people are getting about the poorest breaks a paper can hand out. We give whole pages to an exposé of something that won't mean three green beans this time next year. And we let the preachers, the churches, who are fighting for something, have it out on the back page of the paper—mostly on Saturday!"

"Halleluia!" someone shouted mockingly, and Terry whirled on him.

"It's all right to laugh but what have you and I ever done to really help anyone but ourselves? We knew we were going to get plenty of self-praise when we put something over!"

He stopped suddenly. Why explain to these people that he had been remembering, lately, a small boy who had taken his mother's hand and gone up a village street, in the far West, on Sunday mornings long ago? Only Julie, sitting on a three-legged stool in front of the fire, her green and silver skirts spread around her, understood. She would ask him about it sometime—no, she wouldn't. It was a silly, sentimental hangover to remember such things in a practical, steel-girded world, and she had better be matter-of-fact! Anyway, Natalie, in black velvet, was talking to Terry and he seemed to like it!

She jumped up. "It's nearly nine. Hadn't we better be starting?"

In the arranging of guests in the cars, Julie and Martha discovered that they were riding with Briggs, Terry and Natalie. Out in the open the thunderous sound of water was stronger. Briggs switched on the car's radio—"Danger increases as the water mounts," the announcer was saying. "People riding in Connecticut are asked to beware of overflow on the roads. The dam at Bridgeway is giving . . . high tension wires have sagged

and may cause extreme danger. . . . Four barrels of oil, escaped from their warehouse, are riding the waves and may mean trouble. . . .

The car was stopped halfway to its destination. The other cars had taken another road, so Briggs and his party were alone. A man with a lantern halted the group, as it neared the river.

"The water's rising," he said. "Rain's coming harder. We're trying to man boats to get the folks out of the houses over there." He waved the lantern to the far side of the river. "Hear 'em yelling? Most folks who were watching thought the danger was over and went home. We got another boat but no men—"

Terry was getting out of the car. "Where's the boat?"

"There. Needs two men. I'd go but I have to stay to warn people."

"You girls take the car and go back," Briggs commanded. "I'm going with Terry."

"But what about me?" Natalie's voice was a thin, high wail. "You can't—Terry, you can't go!"

"Natalie, do as I say," he was ordering her. "The road's all right after the first one hundred feet. You're perfectly safe. You can drive!"

"No! I can't drive this road, I can't! You brought me here and you have to take me back! You don't have to take that boat. It's none of your business if a lot of stupid people get caught—and you'll die out there. You'll bump into the oil barrels. . . ." She was screaming, sobbing, stamping her black velvet slippers. "We'll send them money, we'll build up their houses. . . ."

Once she had said: "One more child doesn't matter!"

Terry did not answer her. He spoke directly to Briggs. "Drive her home, Briggs. There'll be another man along in a minute. . . ."

"You won't get a story out of this!" Natalie tried again.

His eyes, in dim water-light, were narrowed but his lips smiled crookedly when Terry answered: "May save a life, Natalie. Better get going, Briggs."

"The dam went," the laconic swinger of the beacon volunteered. "Twenty minutes ago. Didn't you hear it?"

Julie was climbing down from the car. "You need two in that boat, Terry. I'm coming with you!"

"You?"

"Yes, quick! I can handle an oar!" She darted ahead of him, took her place in the boat. Behind her she heard Martha's voice, calling, and Briggs' commanding tones urging her to return. The wind whistled through the rust-quilted velvet of her evening jacket and the flounces of the misty silver and green frock. Once she had gone out on an ocean, to get a story and a by-line. There had been no thought of help that day. She could do it again to save someone. . . .

Terry looked at her and grinned. "Ready?" he asked.

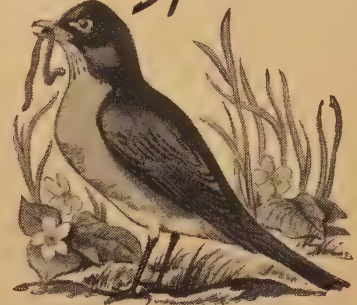
"Ready!" she answered steadily.

The boat was slipping away from shore. Terry spoke again. "One thing more, Julie. If anything happens to me, there's some confidential stuff on the skyscraper church locked up in my desk. See that it gets a break, won't you?"

(To be continued.)

## HAVE YOU SEEN THE

*First sign of Spring?*

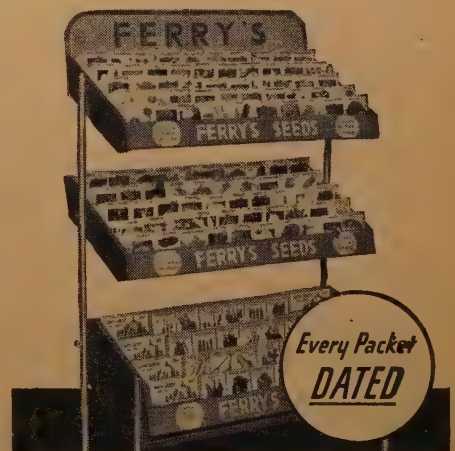


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## DAILY MEDITATION

(Continued from page 44)

all walk on stones contributed by friends. Some have even prepared for us a path of life. We are debtors beyond all telling to the contributions of those who have loved us.

It seems incongruous, and rather horrible, to recall that some persons have contributed only stones of stumbling to their acquaintances.

Most of our friends, thank God, have simply made our path through life easier and more beautiful.

*We give thanks today, O Lord, that we walk The Way, laid down by the Master who first trod it Himself. Amen.*

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22

"LIKE NEW YORK"

IN A STRANGE LAND.  
READ PSALM 137.

I FOUND the Arabic Governor of Akaba—Solomon's old port of Elath, in Sinai—a graduate of Columbia University, and homesick for America. In describing the mighty and mysterious rock formations of the Arabah, known to the Children of Israel, he said, "They're just like New York." The comparing of these majestic expressions of Nature with New York's skyscrapers almost bowled me over.

That half-educated man had got his standards confused. He had compared the eternal and the sublime with man's transitory building. Some day all the skyscrapers of New York will be down: but the terraced cliffs of the Arabah will still be standing, as they have stood for thousands of years past.

*Give us discrimination, O Eternal Father, that we may judge righteous judgments, and never put the temporary and second rate about the eternal and sublime values. Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23

AT THE PIANO

SING . . . YE SAINTS.  
READ PSALM 30.

HAPPY is the home that is not dependent upon the radio for its music. At the close of a holiday dinner at the grandparents' home, Deborah and Ducky seated themselves beside their talented mother on the piano bench, with older folks ranged behind them, and had their daily session of music, many of the dear old songs and hymns. There was a solo by Deborah and one by Ducky—"Jesus Loves Me"—and merry choruses of children's music. When the first note of "Jingle Bells" was sounded, Deborah was off the bench and dancing, like a graceful sprite, across the floor.

That wise mother is writing indelible lessons upon the minds of her musical children. They are growing up with no memory of a time when they did not know the treasures of song and hymnody. For the great hymns teach more theology than the seminaries.

(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 60)

pressive except as it provided a definite "cause for death" for Jesus' enemies to nurture.

### Questions for Class Discussion

1. How can one tell which interests are best for man on the Sabbath Day?
2. How can the Lordship of Jesus Christ over the Sabbath Day be applied?
3. How much freedom is allowed to man in interpreting other laws?
4. How do you explain the expression, "When He had looked . . . with anger" (v.5)?

FEBRUARY 20

### Choosing Companions in Service

MARK 3:7-19, 31-35

**V**IEWED as a whole the verses listed for this lesson show how Jesus was held as a great wonder-worker by increasing multitudes, how He wished to communicate His inmost purposes and aspirations to a few trusted persons, and how those who might have been expected to give Him the greatest support—the members of His own family—were of least help.

The growing opposition to Jesus caused an increasing popularity among the multitudes; one is impressed by the wide geographical range of the sections listed as contributing to the throng. True, many of these were curiosity seekers, many were unfortunates with illness or deformity. Verses 7-12 point out the truth that Mark's Gospel is the "Gospel of Service," or the "Gospel of Action." This passage is "a picture of the world today."

Two purposes will inspire teacher and student as verses 13-19 are considered: (1) to discover the historical points in one of the major decisions of Jesus' ministry; (2) to face the present implications of discipleship.

Luke calls attention to the fact that the Master spent in prayer the night preceding His choice of twelve disciples. It should also be noted that He selected first a larger company, and from these He chose the twelve. But the choosing was *His* act, not theirs. It is possible to overemphasize the human element in matters of connection with Christ. It is as important for Christ to choose us as for us to choose Christ. Certainly only those who are deemed worthy of Christ's confidence may hope to receive it.

Mark very clearly points out two reasons for the naming of "the twelve": (1) They were to aid Him in His work of proclaiming the Kingdom and of healing; (2) They were to enjoy association with Him, and thus absorb in themselves His spirit, His purpose, His goals.

There are four lists of the Twelve (Matt., Mark, Luke, and Acts) and each time it is possible to pick out three groups of four. First, the men of largest gifts, and who were closest to the Master,—Peter, James, John, Andrew; second, the quiet, questioning men,—Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas; third, the practical men of affairs,—James, son of Alphaeus, Thaddeus, Simon, the Zealot, Judas.

There appear some variations in these four lists. While it will not be a valuable

(Continued on page 71)

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## DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 68)

*We would join the angels, O Father in heaven, in daily hymning Thy praise. Grant us all singing hearts. Amen.*

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24

## NEWSPAPER WASTE-BASKETS

LAY ASIDE.  
READ HEB. 12:1-11.

VISITORS to the offices of newspaper editors must have been impressed with the new fashion in waste-baskets. They are of huge size, often four feet high, by three feet wide. Exchanges, propaganda, advertisements and many letters find these receptacles their destination.

As I toss into my smaller waste-basket the morning's grist of propaganda—most of it unfit for publication anywhere—I find myself giving thanks for waste-baskets. The art of discarding is one of the real skills in unencumbered living. Not everything that offers itself to our attention is worthy of our thought: a person must reserve his powers for their highest use.

God gives us all the ability to choose: so we need to be good discards as well as good appropriators.

*Deliver us from cluttered minds and cluttered lives, O Lord; and make us wise in the power to reject, as well as to select, life's offerings. Amen.*

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25

## THEY STILL LIVE

THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH.  
READ HEB. 11:1-16.

RECENTLY I spoke at the centennial of the church of my earliest childhood memories. Out of the dim past marched the gracious figures of my first pastor, my first Sunday School teacher, the first church officers that I remember; the first address that I recall having heard.

It is a goodly heritage; and the faces of many listeners showed that they shared my memories of these godly men and women of deathless influence.

I wonder if there is any other route to abiding influence so clear and direct as that of activity in a local church?

*As we recall the noble men and women who have served us, and Thee, in the things of the Gospel, O Heavenly Father, our hearts are warm and grateful. Make us worthy of them. Amen.*

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26

## TWO ENDS OF A TELESCOPE

WHAT IS MAN?  
READ PSALM 8.

THRILLED and bewildered, I have been reading about the immensity of the heavens, as revealed by the astronomers' telescopes. What vast and incomprehensible visions have been uncovered by these instruments which, like the Psalmist, "consider Thy heavens."

Nevertheless, the greater wonder is at the small end of the telescope. The astronomer, with the mind to measure the stars, is more marvelous than anything he sees. Only man can search out the secrets of God Himself; can even choose to do or to disobey His Will.

As the Psalmist contemplated the glory of God upon the heavens, he turned to behold the greater wonder, man, crying "Thou hast put all things under his feet."

*For all the wonders of heaven and earth we extol Thee, O Creator-God; and for the greater wonder of man, made in Thine image, we give Thee thanks. Amen.*

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27

## QUIXOTIC SOUTHERNER

OF HIS ROYAL BOUNTY.  
READ I. KINGS 10:1-13.

LONG years ago, on a crowded Fall River boat, I gave up my stateroom to an elderly Southern man with a wife and two children. He was profuse in thanks, and accepted for his family, but not for himself. He had some quixotic idea that he should not enjoy comfort while I endured hardship. He spent the night in a chair at the stateroom door, and I in another.

That chivalrous old Confederate reminds me of the persons who will not accept the full blessings of the religious life. They prefer to remain uncomfortable. My Southern acquaintance did not make my night any softer by refusing a berth for himself.

*Lord, make us good takers of Thy gifts to us. Teach us to go all the way in acceptance of Thy Father bounty.*

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28

## OUT OF THE ROUTINE

WHATSOEVER YE DO . . . IN THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS.  
READ COL. 3:8-17.

LIFE always tends to become routine; and it needs occasional shaking up. So as I write today amidst familiar surroundings, I find my mind looking ahead to days on the blue Mediterranean; to hours on camel back; to lurching over rough country in chance-hired automobiles; to nights in oriental khans; to clamberings amidst ancient ruins; to days of wandering about Jerusalem and old Cairo and Istanbul and many another lore-filled city.

But it has needed the hard-working routine of the years ago to fit me for this, as for other far farings. And to it I shall return with joy: I can imagine no sorrier and more fruitless life than that of the perpetual traveler. There must be roots ere there can be fruits.

*We are praising Thee today, O God, for life's routine; for tasks to be done; for posts to be filled and for life's steady on-going. Amen.*

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(Continued from page 69)

use of class time to discuss these, it is a challenging study to the individual members of the class.

Jesus always needs learners who will stay close enough to Him to discover and apply His spirit and purpose, and who will go forth to the world with His message of transformation. The devils now to be cast out are quite as real as those who of old shrieked in terror as He approached. Modern devils are those which devastate the better parts of men's lives, and they are driven out only by great faith, prayer, and authority.

#### Jesus' Kinsfolk After the Spirit

This caption, applying to verses 31-35, is used by Rawlinson in his commentary on Mark. It has been noted before (3:21) that some friends of Jesus thought that He was bereft of His reason. Whether His mother and brethren now sought Him that they might cause Him to cease His ministry for that reason is not clear. Again Jesus seized an opportunity to teach to all a great truth. "It is not blood-relationship to the Son of Man that counts, but loyal obedience to the will of God. Those who have that are bound to Him by closer ties than the ties of family; for the former are spiritual, while the latter are carnal." (Cambridge Bible.)

Nothing can be more positively stated about the claims of Jesus Christ on His earthly followers than that He means that He shall be in first place. How foolish is anyone then who attempts to establish a different order, and to put family, or wealth, or personal ambitions, or anything else, first, with Christ and His interests in a lower position! Similarly, whoever gives Him first place or, as here, does the will of God, is assured of attachment which transcends all other ties.

#### Questions for Class Discussion

1. What motives, other than curiosity, bring crowds to the side of Christ today?
2. How do disciples of today receive their call to this special connection?
3. How can Christian workers receive personal inspiration from Christ nowadays?
4. What practical lessons come from Jesus' statement about spiritual kinship?

FEBRUARY 27

#### Measuring a Man's Worth

MARK 5:1-17

IN SOME respects the most spectacular of Christ's miracles is this one which deals with the demoniac, his cure, and the destruction of the swine. Its details, difficult of explanation, include: the conversations in which the demoniac, the demons and the Master take part, the number of the demons, their request for transfer to the swine, and the apparently needless destruction of so many animals.

But with all its difficulties the narrative fills an important place in the Gospel account. Its primary lesson, chosen as the theme, is that the time and effort of Jesus and His disciples, the harassing moments of struggle in the performance of the miracle, the paroxysms of pain felt by the victim, and the loss of a herd of two thou-

sand swine were all well expended if in the process one suffering man came from a place and condition of degradation and defeat to an experience of salvation. The redemption of this man was worth all it cost.

The student will find delight and satisfaction in going carefully through the entire narrative, picking up the details one at a time, and following each as far as possible. The accounts in Matt. 8:28-34 and Luke 8:26-39 will add to the completeness. Thus:—The other side of the sea means the eastern shore of Galilee, but the exact spot of Gerasa (Gadara, Gergasa) is unknown. It was frequent for a demoniac, unfit to appear among other people, to haunt the burial tombs, particularly if these were caves of rock which afforded shelter. How the man was possessed has always been a subject of dispute. He, as well as others, thought that a devil, or an unclean spirit, or many of them, had taken violent possession of him, mind, soul, and body. His condition was pitiable in the extreme. In his fits or attacks he possessed so much maniacal power that he knew no restraint from chains or fetters. His body was bleeding from self-inflicted wounds, and he kept crying out with pain or madness.

But he had keen vision, and recognized Jesus from afar, and ran and did obeisance before Him. Evidently Jesus immediately sensed the situation and called to the demon to leave the man's body. Verse 8 seems to assign a reason for the request in verse 7. Whether the man, or the spirit, or the man speaking for the spirit, made the statement of verse 7 is uncertain.

Why did Jesus ask the demon's name? And who responded,—the man or the demon? And why was it asked that the demons be allowed to remain in that country? What connection, if any, was there between unclean spirits and unclean beasts? These are questions which admit of much study and varied answer.

Jesus was trying to get the man to declare his own personality, to disconnect himself from the demons. But until the latter had departed this was impossible.

The use of the word *legion* is to designate a great many.

How could Jesus be cleared of the responsibility for the destruction of much valuable property? (1) "Some striking proof that the unclean spirits had left the man may have been necessary in order to assure both him and the inhabitants that he had been, not merely quieted, but permanently cured." (Cambridge Bible.) (2) Whatever the value of the animals the redemption of the man was of more consequence. (3) If there were owners near, and if they complained of their loss, they were satisfied when Jesus and His companions took their departure. The request (v.17) was probably based as much on their fear of contacts with such a superhuman being as on the further destruction of property which might come.

#### Questions for Class Discussion

1. Are people possessed by evil spirits now? Explain.
2. What is Jesus' method for handling demoniacs now?
3. Are miracles of healing as necessary now as in Jesus' time?
4. What is the assurance that sin is driven out of a life?

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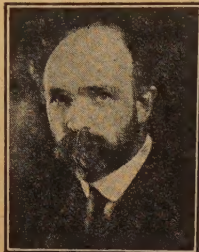
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# After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



## Still, You're Lucky

"My husband left me a million dollars when he died."

"My, you're awfully lucky!"

"Oh, I don't know. I had five million when I married him."

—Record.

## Necessity

Barber (to surly customer): "Smile, please sir, smile."

Customer: "Why should I smile?"

Barber: "Because it takes me longer to shave a man with a long face."

—Dirge.

## Spit It Out!

Chemistry Professor: "Jones, what does HNO<sub>3</sub> signify?"

Cadet Jones: "Well—ah—er—I've got it right on the tip of my tongue, sir."

Chemistry Professor: "Well, you'd better spit it out. It's nitric acid."

—Army and Navy Journal.

## Illiterate

Long arm of Law (to blind man reading newspaper): "Whatsa idea? You've been begging because you were blind, and now I see you reading a newspaper."

Blind One: "Aw, I'm just looking at the pictures."

—Yellow Jacket

## Private Conversation

A little boy was saying his go-to-bed prayers in a very low voice.

"I can't hear you, dear," his mother whispered.

"Wasn't talking to you," said the small one firmly.

—Brown Jug.

## Birthmark

Professor (to freshman entering class late): "When were you born?"

Freshman: "April 2."

Professor: "Being a little late must be a habit with you."

## Grateful Alumnus

Graduate: "Professor, I have made some money and I want to do something for my old college. I don't remember what studies I excelled in."

Professor: "In my classes you slept most of the time."

Graduate: "Fine! I'll endow a dormitory."

## Irish

"Does this package belong to you? The name is obliterated."

"No, that can't be mine. My name is O'Brien."

—Yellow Jacket.

## One-Horse Town

Soph: "Well, what do you think of our little college town?"

Frosh: "It certainly is unique."

Soph: "Whadda mean 'unique'?"

Frosh: "It's from the Latin 'unus,' 'one' and 'equus,' 'horse.'"

—Growler.

## Content

Would-be Employer: "Have you any references?"

Would-be Employee: "Sure, here's the letter: 'To whom it may concern, John Jones worked for us one week, and we're satisfied.'"

—Annapolis Log.

## Among His Souvenirs

Comforting Friend: "You will soon forget her and be happy again."

Jilted Suitor: "Oh, no, I shan't! I've bought too many things for her on the installment plan!"

—London Answers.

## Wish

Dear Son:

This is the cliff from which the Spartans threw their defective children. Wish you were here.

Love,

Dad.

—Bored Walk.

## Select Company

"All those who would like to go to heaven," said the Sunday school teacher, "please raise their hands."

All did except one.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the teacher, "wouldn't you like to go to heaven?"

"Naw," said Johnny, "not if that bunch is goin'."

—Ram-Buller.

## His Type

Vignette: "He is the type of fellow that goes into a drug store for a nickel drink, and expects with it two glasses of water, the use of a table and chair for an hour, the opportunity of listening to the radio, the right to read a thirty-five-cent magazine, the privilege of three ten-minute conversations over the telephone, and then complains because the place is not air-conditioned."

—Range.